

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, NEUTRAL IN NOTHING AND FOR THE RIGHT AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

Vol VI. No 43.

J. J. BURKE
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois, Thursday Morning, June 22, 1893.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

The Tight Money Market

Makes Clothing
Manufacturers
Anxious to
Unload.

We relieved one of them of about \$1,000 worth of

MEN AND BOYS'

CLOTHING

the other day and we are in a position to give
Clothing buyers a picnic of unheard of Low Prices.

For Instance:

We show one lot of Boys' Fine Cheviot
Suits, size 4 to 14 at \$1.65.
Price all over town \$3.50.

Boys' Cassimere Suits, ages 13 to 19
at \$3.50.
Real value \$5.00.

Men's All-Wool Stylish Cassimere
Suits, at \$7.00.
Usual price \$10.00.

Men's Fine Cassimere Suits in Grey
shades at \$10.00.
Never offered before less than \$15.00.

These are only a few items out of many.

All we ask is that you will ex-
amine our goods before
buying elsewhere.

The Model Clothing House,

TEMPERANCE TEMPLE,

Waukegan, - Illinois.

Antioch Time Table, Wisconsin Central Lino.

Lev. Chicago.	Arr. at Antioch.	Lev. Antioch.	Arr. at Chicago.
No. 1, 11:15 PM	1:18 AM	No. 2, 4:55 AM	7:15 AM
No. 7, 8:00 AM	10:22 AM	No. 8, 5:21 PM	7:45 PM
No. 9, 9:00 AM	11:22 AM	No. 10, 6:53 AM	10:20 AM
No. 3, 2:30 PM	4:25 PM	No. 4, 8:10 AM	10:05 AM
No. 2, 3:00 PM	4:45 PM	No. 6, 10:33 AM	12:30 PM
No. 6, 8:20 AM	10:57 AM	No. 5, 6:11 PM	8:50 PM
No. 5, 6:25 AM	8:25 AM	No. 7, 6:55 AM	8:55 AM

Entered at the Antioch Post-office for transmission through the mails as second-class mail matter.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN 90 DAYS.

J. J. BURKE, PUBLISHER. A. F. BURKE, LOCAL EDITOR.

Antioch Home News.

John Lovejoy, of Gurnee, was a caller at our office Monday.

Charles Drom, of Chicago, visited with relatives here this week.

C. O. Foltz and two oldest daughters spent Sunday in Burlington.

Have you tried that chow-chow for sale by the quart at Foltz?

Fred Perkins, of Burlington, spent Sunday with his brother J. E. here.

Miss Jennie Thorne spent Sunday at the Ramaker House, Grass Lake.

W. C. Wertz, of Chicago, spent Sunday with the family of N. Pullen.

The largest display of fire works can be seen in the show window of C. O. Foltz & Co.

The Ladies Cemetery Association of Sand Lake, will meet with Mrs. Lewis Miller, Thursday, June 23, 1893.

Nettie Wright, Sec.

Commodore V. H. Sutton, of the Eastside, Fox Lake, was a caller at our office Monday.

Those 4 Crown olives at C. O. Foltz & Co.'s are fine. Try Them, 75 cents per quart.

The Misses Lelia Williams and Jennie Thorne attended a party at Burlington the past week.

The contract for the bank building was let last week. Messrs Howard and LaPlant are to do the mason work and G. P. Montgomery the carpenter work.

Mrs. May Taylor will sell her entire line of trimmed hats and ladies furnishing goods at half price in order to make room for new goods. The sale will open Monday morning, June 20th and continue all the week. Everything will be closed out at half price during this sale, as she must have room for new goods. Remember this is an opportunity for buying such as was never before afforded you.

Don't forget the dance at Selter's Grove, Grass Lake, the coming Saturday evening.

We are headquarters for canned goods. Call and examine our complete stock of canned soups. Foltz.

The finest and largest display of canned goods ever shown in Antioch is to be seen at C. O. Foltz & Co.

The Woodmen of Lake Villa will celebrate the fourth with a picnic and the usual games and amusements on such occasions.

Mr. Ira Webb, of Hickory, and Miss Estella Miller, of Bristol, were married last Wednesday at the Catholic church, Rosecrans, by Rev. M. A. Bruton.

Tomato soup, mock turtle soup, ox tail soup, vegetable soup, chicken soup, beef soup, bouillon soup, consommé soup, mulligatawny soup, all in stock at C. O. Foltz & Co.

At the Methodist church next Sunday morning the pastor will preach; subject, "Religious Common Sense." In the evening at 7:40 will be held a service of praise and song in charge of the Epworth League. Everybody welcome.

Chas. P. Westerfield, Ex County Surveyor, wishes to say that his residence and office is at 418 North West St., Waukegan, Ill., and that all orders from his former patrons and friends will meet with prompt attention by himself personally.

C. A. Neumeister has purchased the interest of his partner Mr. Goodman in the Elmer Hotel, Lake Marie. This resort has been fittingly styled the Statoga of the West and Mr. Neumeister we feel sure will make it one of the most desirable places at which to spend the season.

The Epworth League have just had a window cut through into their meeting room, giving increased light and ventilation. The room is to be generally refitted and made pleasant. The devotional meeting next Sunday at 6:45 P. M. is to be led by Mr. W. F. Ziegler. All young people invited.

Last week we sent out statements to a number of our patrons who are in arrears. A number have called and settled their bills while many have not done so as yet, who would greatly oblige us by an early settlement. As early as possible we shall send statements to all persons whose accounts are over due, as we need the money and are obliged to make individual dues in many cases in order to collect accounts and meet our obligations.

Miss Carrie Chard, assisted by the best local talent and a number of artists from the city will give a grand musicale and concert at the Wilton Opera House, in Antioch, on Tuesday evening, June 27. Miss Alice Smith of Ivanhoe, the talented elocutionist, will be present, as well as many of the musical celebrities of this and the surrounding country. Miss Chard is too well known to our people to need other comment than to say her concert will be worth going miles to hear.

J. Bairstow, of Waukegan, paid Antioch a visit a few days last week, soliciting orders for cemetery work of every description. He met with good success, selling several very fine monuments in this section. He will visit Antioch twice a month and any one needing anything in his line he would be pleased to correspond with, and quote prices and show his nice selection of designs. It would pay prospective buyers to visit his works at Waukegan and see the large display of finished work. He carries about ten thousand dollars worth of finished work at all times, in both domestic and foreign granites and all kinds of marble.

Send along the news.

Plenty of warm weather.

Save your money for the 4th.

Cut the weeds in front of your property.

R. A. Smith, of Prairie View, was in our village Tuesday.

Tuesday was perhaps the warmest day we have had thus far this season.

The Rev. M. A. Bruton, of Rosecrans, was a caller at our office Thursday.

We have the finest line of Gherkins and Dinges pickles ever seen in town. C. O. Foltz & Co.

Don't fail to take in the 4th of July celebration at Lux's Park, Wadsworth. For programme see posters.

The yacht Hornet won the Davis prize at the Fox Lake regatta Saturday last, beating the other boats by a long distance.

Chase Webb is home on a visit and will take in the World's Fair before returning to Crystal Falls, Mich., where he is now employed.

Mrs. J. P. Evans and little daughter, of New Milford, Ill., are visiting Mrs. Evans' uncle and aunt, Dr. and Mrs. Emmons, and other Antioch relatives.

Hurry up that Hygeia water fountain. We are thirsty and long for a drink of the health giving beverage that flows all the way from Big Bend, Wis.

Have you tried the Champion brand cultivator in your garden? We have used one and find it does great work. Williams Bros. sell them and the price is reasonable.

L. W. Lewis, the jeweler from Lake Geneva, will be at Antioch every Monday beginning with Monday June 12, to attend to cleaning and repairing watches etc. Leave your watches and jewelry with J. E. Perkins and have them fixed.

L. W. LEWIS, Lake Geneva.

Prof. Jos. Vilin, in company with Mr. Ed. Schultz and Master Richards, all of Chicago, were at Albert Herman's hotel, Petite Lake, recently and are enthusiastic in their praise of the beauties of our lake resorts, and Petite Lake in particular. They could not well be otherwise. We have scenery equal to any in the state and all the natural advantages that could be desired.

The old and well known Bank of Dan Head & Co., of Kenosha, Wis., is buying all good mortgages that are offered, running two, three four and five years. We are paying 4 per cent on time certificates. We will have one of the best looking and strongest banks in the state when completed. New brown stone front going in now.

DAN HEAD & Co., Bankers.

The Security Savings Bank, of Waukegan, has a capital of \$50,000.00, transacts a general banking business; receives deposits of \$1.00 or more; pays 4 per cent on deposits. Money payable on demand. Customers' valuable papers kept in our vault free of charge. Watchman on guard all night. Choice 6 per cent farm loans for sale; principal and interest guaranteed. Chas. Whitney, Pres., W. C. Upton, Vice Pres., John Mulhall, Cashier.

The Greenville Advocate published at Greenville, this state, will be sold to the highest bidder for cash on Monday, June 26, 1893 at one o'clock in the afternoon. The paper is Republican in politics and has been established thirty seven years. The office is well equipped with material for job and general work and the subscription books show a large circulation of cash paying subscribers. A good opening for anyone wishing to enter the field of journalism.

1875. { EIGHTEEN YEARS OF } 1893.
SOUND, SAFE AND SOLID BANKING.

DAN HEAD & CO., BANKERS, KENOSHA, - WISCONSIN.

Country Merchants, Livestock Dealers, Farmers, in fact all who are obliged to handle any money in small or large amounts, would find it pleasant and to their advantage to open a Bank account.

PAY ALL YOUR BILLS WITH CHECKS DRAWN ON THIS BANK.

Keep no money at your homes.

Checks on this Bank pass at "Par" all over the United States; any store keeper will give you the cash for checks drawn on this Bank.

DEPOSITS FROM \$1.00 UP RECEIVED.

We also issue a "Bond Form Coupon Certificate," that draws 4 per cent per annum, payable every six months.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

If you have any money that you wish to loan on Mortgage Security we can place it for you. No charge. Good Mortgages on hand and for sale in sums to suit, that will pay you six per cent interest.

City 5 per cent and Government 4 per cent Bonds for sale.

Our "Nickel Savings Bank,"

IS NOW OPEN AND IN RUNNING ORDER.

(Write us for particulars.)

We Have ONE of the BEST Burglar Proof Vaults in the World.

Bring in your valuable papers and deposit them therein.

DAN HEAD, President. URBAN J. LEWIS, Cashier.

WM. ENGEL, V. Pres. F. W. ENGEL, Asst. Cashier.

WAUKEGAN Abstract Co.

This Company is the sole owner of
The Entire set of Abstract Books
Formerly Compiled and owned by W. H. Ellis.

They are complete to all real-estate in Lake County from Government to date, and are the only complete Abstract books of Lake Co., real-estate.

We also have the set compiled by D. L. JONES, which gives us the advantage of two sets.

D. L. JONES, Manager. C. A. PARTRIDGE, President.

A. P. AMES, - DEALER IN - HARDWARE, TIN WARE, BARB WIRE AND BUILDERS SUPPLIES, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Calcimine, etc. New Process Gasoline stoves, FARM MACHINERY, PLOWS, BUGGIES, CARTS, WIND MILLS, HARNESS, PUMPS ETC., Milk Cans Our Specialty ANTIOCH, ILL.

ANYTHING NOT IN STOCK PROMPTLY ORDERED.

No trouble to show goods, I am here to sell and all I ask is an opportunity to show my machinery and make prices. Call and see me.

New Shoes hurt one's feet.

There is a temptation to make the old ones do, even when they have begun to let in damp, rather than to hobble painfully in new. To combine the advantages of both

BEN STONE, Antioch, Illinois,

SELLS
SHOES THAT
DO NOT HURT.

Yet are elegant shaped, wear well and do not cost dear.

Test this statement; a call will convince. Your old horror of new shoes will vanish. Our patrons neither hobble in new or slouch in superannuated shoes. They

Walk in a more Excellent way,
BEN STONE,

Antioch, ILLINOIS. Repairing neatly and cheaply done.

SENDING IN A CARD.

Say what ye will o' city ways, they ain't the kind for me; I found that out the time I went a-visitin' ter see My son, who's doin' bizness in a block about the size O' the Alleghany mountains—er I can't believe my eyes.

I thought I wouldn't write him I was comin', but I'd make The trip all unbeknownst ter him, an' walk right in an' take Him unawares, because I knowed surprise I make the joy Lots greater to him when I stood right there before the boy.

An' when I stepped inside the door, expectin' there to see My own dear son, a little office kid stepped up ter me.

An' when I said I'd see Steve Jones he said ter me: "You can't see Mr. Jones until you've sent him in your card."

Jobosophat! but I was mad, an' said ter him: "My chile, I'd like to take ye 'cross my knee an' tan ye fer a while. If Stephen Jones is in this place you trot him out," said I.

"This thing o' sendin' in yer card don't fit yer Uncle Cy."

At that some other fellows all commenced a actin' queer.

An' one laid down his pen an' said: "My lord, what have we here!"

Is just about a minute I'd a-thrashed the saucy pup.

Had not my son come in just then an' cleared the matter up.

—Cedar Rapids Gazette.



THE MARTLET SEAL

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Not by half. On the whole, I think I am going to find the Fairbanks altogether the most interesting people about White Cliffs."

It was not the words themselves, but a certain tenseness of voice and manner, which removed them from the realm of simple feminine curiosity. John felt unaccountably irritated by her manner. Nothing pleasant occurring to him to say, he lapsed into a grave reverie, which lasted until the gate of White Cliffs was close in front of them.

Suddenly he shook himself, very much after the fashion of a big Newfoundland dog that has been uncomfortably dampened. He flung off his depression with a visible physical effort, and with it the feeling of inexplicable dissatisfaction with Nora. He freed his right hand from the whip and reins and slipped his arm about her round waist. There was no one to see.

"Nora," he said, coaxingly, "don't let the child make a display of that flower. Put it in water upstairs, somewhere."

"Why?"

"Because flowers like that bloom nowhere but at Glenburnie."

"Well?"

"And mother's dislike for everything connected with that name is not to be reasoned down. That white japonica would irritate her tremendously."

"Red rags and bulls, and so forth," said Nora, lightly. "Some of these days I will get you to give me the history of the Lorimer-Fairbanks feud. I think feuds are delightfully interesting. So aristocratic and glamorous, you know."

It was one of her slipshod days. John was distinctly conscious of certain recurrent periods of lightness in Nora's manner that repelled him. There were days on which nothing seemed worth a serious thought to her. To-day was one of them.

He got down to open the big gate. When he turned towards the cart again, she, too, was upon the ground, holding up her arms to Ninette.

"Never mind driving into the yard, John. Ninette and I know very well how to use our own feet, and we have not had half enough of this glorious sunshine. Ta-ta."

With Ninette's tiny hand clasped in hers, she started back over the road they had just traveled at so brisk a walk that Ninette's short legs could only compete with it at full run.

John Lorimer looked after her in momentary surprise, then, with that unreasonableness which inclines the average man to take his ill temper out of the nearest and most helpless thing at hand, he curled the long lash about his horse's flanks and sent him flying towards the stable yard.

"You goos too fast, nannie," said Ninette, somewhat jerkily. "Ninette is tired."

"Does not Ninette want to see the beautiful flower-lady again?" Nora asked, without slackening her speed. But in another second she came to a full stop with an exclamation of disappointment.

"Ah! we are too late."

Along the dusty roadway a mule was lazily shambling. On his back a bent

old negro was mounted, his two knotty hands clasped about the basket. Miss Fairbanks had been guarding. From beneath the damp Spanish moss brilliant hues and penetrating fragrance escaped.

Nora stood still and waited for him. When they were abreast she held up one hand commandingly:

"Cabbages to sell, uncle?" she asked, in a clear, high voice.

"No cabbage, mistress."

"Onions, potatoes, turnips?"

"Only camelliers, violets and sweet olive, young mistress."

Nora made a sign of disappointment, then asked, carelessly: "And how often do you go to town with your basket?"

"Every day, marm."

"At what hour is same time?"

"The Grace hour every day. Missy is like clock-work. If you weren't strange to these parts, you would 'a' heard that Miss Idy sells the flowers. I carries them to town for her. It looks like a queer sort of business. But Miss Idy don't care much what folks says or thinks."

"Miss Idy is right. Does she bring them down to the same place every day herself?"

"Every day, marm, rain or shine."

"Ride on, uncle. Your flowers will suffer by waiting." She waved him onward with the same imperious gesture that had brought him to a standstill. Then she turned herself and Ninette slowly about.

"Come, my pet. We are too late this time. The flower-lady has gone away."

It was all one to Ninette. So long as she and Nora were together out under the soft blue sky, life was an entirely agreeable thing. It was only when she was handed over to Celeste that it became a burden. But she was to find that even her beloved Norrie could be tyrannical sometimes.

They were once more in front of the big white gate. Nora stooped, and, tucking the japonica from the child's tight grasp, sent it as far as she could into a clump of wild indigo which grew along the roadside.

Ninette looked up at her in tearful amazement.

"Do not cry, my pet. It is already wilted. You shall have more. You shall have all you want. Some day all the flowers that bloom at Glenburnie shall be your very own."

Extravagant and groundless as this splendid promise may have sounded, it sufficed to send Ninette into the house smiling instead of weeping.

CHAPTER IV.

When Ida Fairbanks sent that white japonica fluttering through the air and waited a kiss and a smile to the pretty child in John Lorimer's village cart, she was acting a part with consummate skill and effect.

When she turned her back on the White Cliffs people, and, picking up the heavy basket of flowers, walked off with it, with a fine assumption of ab-

sorption in her responsibilities as a flower merchant, she was consciously posing for effect.

When she had found a stump completely hidden from the grass-grown road, whose almost effaced wheel marks might have forewarned trespassers, she planted her fragrant burden upon it and seated herself on a neighboring stump, facing in the direction from which old Cato, her carrier, must presently come shambling. Ostentatiously opening her book, she spread it upon her lap and fastened her eyes upon its printed characters. They might have been Greek or Hebrew characters for all the meaning they conveyed. She was still acting a part. Her smooth forehead was ruffled by a frown.

The dog was sound asleep beneath her feet, and to all appearances she was reading absently, when the lazy shuffling of Cato's mule along the roadway made her look up.

"This way, Cato," she called, in her clear, commanding voice, and delivered her basket of flowers with strangely curt directions. "This is packet day. You must be there before the upcountry boat gets in."

Then, seating herself once more, she opened her book where her handkerchief kept the place. Mechanically she finished the interrupted passage. It was one of Goethe's sage aphorisms. She read it aloud in a student voice, somewhat as if resolved to drown every other voice in that of the sage:

"The thoughts we have had, the pictures we have seen, can be again called back before the imagination, but the heart is not so obliging; it does not reproduce its pleasing emotions."

She looked up. Cato was entirely out of sight. The mule might safely be thrown aside. While she drew one long, half-sobbing breath, with hysterical energy she turned, lifted the book high in her right hand and sent it hurtling into the thorny, brambly undergrowth.

With a sharp note of surprise, Stepniak scrambled to his feet and sprang to the rescue. Ida watched him with

glittering eyes. It would not be an easy search. The thorns were thickest where it had fallen. She laughed at his frenzied zeal until she grew weary of it. Then she called out to him, angrily:

"Let it be, sir! I do not want it. I am sick of it. It was written by a fool. Only fools try to keep their brains and hearts alive."

She was tearing her handkerchief into rags with nervous, trembling hands. Whenever the embroidered edge offered any resistance, she brought her strong white teeth to the task of destruction. Her cheeks were aflame, and her eyes were dry and brilliant. She was trembling violently from head to foot. This was not the first time that she had yielded to the over-strain her nervous system was perpetually enduring, out there under the trees, with no breathing thing near but Stepniak. Nature is fond of her own revenge.

Stepniak came back finally, triumphant. She had almost forgotten his existence. He laid the book at her feet and looked up for some word of commendation. She looked down upon him frowningly, then, stooped, and, fastening one hand in his brass collar, struck him a sharp blow over the head with the book. Then she sent it once more spinning among the briars. Stepniak looked at her, but made no motion to go after the discarded volume a second time.

"You have learned your lesson, have you, boy?"

The dog wagged his bushy tail acquiescingly. Plainly, he disapproved of the disrespect shown the sage, but did not propose risking any more blows in his defense. Ida reseated herself upon the stump and drew him close to her by his collar. She looked him steadfastly in the eye. His glance quailed before hers. She freed one hand from his collar to pass it caressingly over his huge head. There was an apology in it and in her next words:

"Don't drop your eyes before mine, Stepniak. You are wiser than I, and truer. You learn your lesson of submission after one blow. It takes a great many for my teaching, and then the lesson is but half learned. You never lie, Stepniak. I do. I don't do anything else, in point of fact."

A single clear bingle-note rang out upon the quiet air. Another, and another! Stepniak wagged his tail expectantly. He recognized in it the summons for them to return to the house. The master of Glenburnie had himself hit upon this device for curtailing what he was pleased to call "the girl's wandering proclivities."

"You have the best of me at last, Step," said the girl. "When we get back to the house, you will stretch yourself in the sunniest corner of the gallery—in peace. When dinner is over, you will crunch your chicken-bones—in peace. When night comes, you will go to your kennel—in peace. Come, let us go home, Step."

At the first tap of her boot-heels on the hard marble-floor of the hall, a withered, yellow face, surmounted by a brilliant turban, appeared at one of the doors opening into it. The yellow face wore a palpable look of anxiety. Ida looked at her questioninglly:

"Well, Ma'm Dido?"

"It ain't well, my baby. He's in a way."

"He is always in a way, Dido. Can't you get used to things?—as I have?" She added this clause with a dry laugh full of irony.

"He's in a worse way than usual, my poor darling, and I don't feel easy about your going up. Hunt says he believes he's heard from Mr. Sib. He got a letter to-day from somewhere."

"From my brother Sibley?"

"That's what Hunt thinks. He's just been a-charging up there, my child. I don't feel safe 'bout your going night him."

"Nonsense!" Ida was smoothing her hair with her hands in front of the hat-rack glass. She was supremely quiet outwardly. All the passion she had displayed out there in the woods was either expended or once more under control. She was a trifle paler than usual, but then Ma'm Dido was not given to critical observation.

"I ain't sure it is nonsense, my baby. At any rate, here I stay until you come downstairs again."

"Very well. I have not the least objection to that. I think it probable I shall dine downstairs to-day. Tell Fanchaw, please."

Overhead they could hear the ceaseless shuffling of slippers. Ma'm Dido pointed to the ceiling:

"He's been going on that way for nigh two hours."

"Poor old rant! Poor old unhappy father! And I have been very wicked this morning. I am a wretch."

It was to herself and not to Ma'm Dido she made this humble confession as she hurried up the broad stairway that curved in an elegant spiral through the central hall at Glenburnie.

CHAPTER V.

She entered the room upstairs prepared for a contest. She rather enjoyed the prospect of the fray. The necessity for some outlet to the pent-up excitement of the day was laid upon her very strongly.

"Father, have you heard from Sibley?" she asked, abruptly.

"D—n Sibley!"

"As you please about that; but I've heard from him? Dido tells me you had a letter this morning."

"D—n Dido!"

"No objection in the world to that, either. It will contribute to your peace of mind."

She came forward with the aid of a Van Amburg entering the cage of some particularly untrustworthy animal. Circumstances must decide whether her capriciousness or the lash (figurative) in this case) must be used.

The shuffling slippers came to a halt just as their wearer reached an immense upholstered chair. In it, which he dropped with a sigh of physical exhaustion.

Ida had taken up position in the low cushioned window seat, where, clasping her hands about her knees, she sat slowly swinging one little foot to and backward and forward. To the

looked at her father as steadfastly as she had looked at her mastiff Stepniak in the woods half an hour ago.

"Your boot is dusty, disgustingly dusty," said her father, peevishly, totally ignoring her twice-repeated question.

"Both of them are. It has not rained for two weeks, you know."

"And your attitude is excessively undulylike, Ida."

"So is oversteering."

She was calmly surveying the offending boot as it swung into and out of sight.

"You have not answered my question, father. Have you heard from Sibley?"

"Why should I hear from Sibley?" he snarled, showing a set of perfect teeth, very much as an angry dog might have shown his.

"Why? Because there are only two male Fairbanks left. Because it is not right that one of them should shut himself up senselessly in a luxurious hermitage, and the other flee to the uttermost limits of the earth, leaving a girl to struggle with this horrid plantation. It is not right, father, and if you have heard from Sibley I want his address. I want to write to him."

"What would you say to him?"

"I would tell him to come back home and take his rightful place as the master of Glenburnie."

"I am not dead yet, gir."

"You are to all intents and purposes."

It was a daintily uttered taunt. Ida's eyes glittered dangerously.

His hands—idle hands, softer, whiter and smoother than Ida's busy ones—gripped the arms of his chair until white gristly spots appeared on every knuckle.

"Look at me, girl!"

"Well, sir, I am looking." She was, unflinchingly.

"What do you see?"

"A very handsome man, in a perfect state of health. Not an old man. His hair is scarcely gray at all. And his eyes are positively luminous, especially just now that he is in a fury. I see a man who, with every faculty unimpaired, and, presumably, in his right mind, is yet content to live within the narrow circuit of four rooms, has his food brought to him as if he were a cripple or an octogenarian, and has abrogated his rights and duties in life as completely as a dead man could."

She took no note of his increasing frenzy. His voice, choked with passion, did not cause the fluttering of an eyelid.

"I wonder if you have forgotten, Ida, that I drove your brother Sibley out of this house?"

"No, sir, I have not forgotten it."

"And do you know what for?"

"For daring to tell the truth, as I have just done."

"For less—far less," he was brandishing his meerschaum pipe menacingly.

"If I don't speak it to you, father, no one will. No one cares enough for you to do it. I want you to break that senseless vow and take your place at the head of your own affairs; or else send for your son to do it. I am tired of carrying your burdens and his. My own are great enough." She had dropped taunts for serious protest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LUCKY LETTER.

Some of the Most Noted Names in History begin with G.

There are people who are always searching for coincidences and placing great stress upon "lucky" and "unlucky" combinations of circumstances. To individuals so constituted the suggestion is offered that the selection of Gresham to fill the distinguished position of secretary of state adds another to the list of "lucky" men whose names begin with the letter "G."

This letter is not the most conspicuous in the alphabet, but it seems to be a good letter to have for a last initial. Reasonable people, of course, reject all such theories as entirely fanciful, yet considerable evidence might be brought forward in this case to convince the credulous.

Let us consider how many of the leaders in American and European affairs during the past half century are indexed under "G."

The list includes: Grant, greatest of our generals; Greeley, his presidential rival and the most distinguished of American journalists; Garfield, president and political leader for years before his election; Gould, the "wizard of Wall street"; Gompers, head of the federation of labor; Garrison and Gladstones, of anti-slavery fame; Gibbons, the head of his church in the United States; Gough, the remarkable temperance crusader, and a host of men who have won more or less political prominence. Like the Grays, Gorman, Gresham, Gordon, Garland, the Georges and the three worthy democrats of the metropolis, Grace, Grant and Gilroy. The navy has its Gherard and the army will not forget Dr. Gatling's gun. Gottschalk, the composer, and Gilmore, the band leader, may also be mentioned, while Asa Gray and President Gilman deserve a high place among the scholars of the century. In Europe one name comes quickly to the mind, that of Gladstone. France contributes to the list Gambetta, Gravy and Goblet. Ours directs Russia's foreign policy as Goltshakoff did before him, while Giotto holds the reins in Italy. Among the Europeans of note, Gounod, Gilbert, Gerome, Gerskens and Gekke should not be forgotten.—Buckeye Herald.

Not His Will Power.

The crown prince of Germany, although not yet eleven years old, has a very ready wit and a queer way of saying things. One day, while visiting at Potsdam, the little prince was amusing himself by trying to make a donkey draw a cart. But the animal was stubborn and would not go. "Your donkey has a great deal of will power," called out the emperor, who was watching the struggle between his son and the obstinate animal. "Oh, no, papa," replied the little prince, quickly, "it isn't his will power that troubles me. It is his won't power. He won't go!" Golden Days.



THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE,

is considered to be one of the best Machines made.

Why pay a good price for a cheap machine when you can get a good machine for the same money?

I carry a full line of Needles for nearly all machines. Repairs for any machine furnished on short notice.

If you think of buying an Organ or Piano call and see me.

FULL LINE OF FURNITURE & UNDERTAKING.

J. C. JAMES Jr.

Antioch, Illinois.

THAT FINE LINE OF

NECK WEAR

HAS ARRIVED.

MENS STRAW AND FELT

HATS

In large Variety.

Call and make your selection

Before the Fourth.

Prices reduced on Wall Papers.

Just think of it! We are selling

Beautiful Dinner Sets for \$7.95.

C. O. FOLTZ & CO.,

ANTIOCH, ILL.

McCormick Steel Binders & Mowers.

Any one in need of Farm Machinery will do well to call on me before buying elsewhere.

I HAVE THE AGENCY FOR McCORMICK BINDERS & MOWERS.

Have also on hand a stock of

McCORMICK BINDING TWINE

OF DIFFERENT QUALITIES AND PRICES.

I have on hand Riding and Walking Cultivators, Hawkeye Hay Loaders, Tiger Self Dump Hay Bakes, Eureka Hay Tieders, Hay Carriers, Horse and Machine Oil.

All of which I sell at reasonable prices.

Oats For Sale at all times.

A. G. WATSON,

ANTIOCH, ILL.

CHANGE WINTER TO SUMMER.

ALL

VERY FINE GOODS

and will add materially to your happiness.

BUT THE LIGHT

Quick Meal Gasoline Stove

WILL MAKE HAPPINESS COMPLETE.

As they light quick, } COMPLETE SATISFACTION.
Make light fuel bills, }
Cook Quick and give }

We are still selling

Williams Bros., Best Flour, \$4.60

Makes Light Bread, and the price is very low.

WILLIAMS BROS.

ANTIOCH, ILL.



"LADY! NINETTE WANTS ONE, A WHITE ONE."

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, NEUTRAL IN NOTHING AND FOR THE RIGHT AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

Vol. VI. No. 43.

J. J. BURKE
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois, Thursday Morning, June 22, 1893.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

The Tight Money Market

Makes Clothing
Manufacturers
Anxious to
Unload.

We relieved one of them of about \$1,000 worth of
MEN AND BOYS'

CLOTHING

the other day and we are in a position to give
Clothing buyers a picnic of unheard of Low Prices.

For Instance:

We show one lot of Boys' Fine Cheviot Suits, size 4 to 14 at	\$1.65.
Price all over town \$3.50.	
Boys' Cassimere Suits, ages 13 to 19 at	\$3.50.
Real value \$5.00.	
Men's All-Wool Stylish Cassimere Suits, at	\$7.00.
Usual price \$10.00.	
Men's Fine Cassimere Suits in Grey shades at	\$10.00.
Never offered before less than \$15.00.	

These are only a few items out of many.
All we ask is that you will ex-
amine our goods before
buying elsewhere.

The Model Clothing House,

TEMPERANCE TEMPLE,

Waukegan, - Illinois.

Antioch Time Table, Wisconsin Central Line.

Going South.	Arr. at Antioch.	Going North.	Arr. at Chicago.
No. 1, 11:45 PM	1:18 AM	No. 2, 4:25 AM	7:15 AM
No. 3, 8:00 AM	10:22 AM	No. 4, 5:21 PM	7:45 PM
No. 5, 9:00 AM	11:27 PM	No. 5, 6:23 AM	10:30 AM
No. 6, 10:00 AM	12:32 PM	No. 6, 7:19 AM	10:05 AM
No. 7, 11:00 AM	1:37 PM	No. 7, 8:19 AM	12:30 PM
No. 8, 12:00 PM	2:42 PM	No. 8, 9:11 AM	1:30 PM
No. 9, 1:00 PM	3:47 PM	No. 9, 10:03 AM	2:30 PM
No. 10, 2:00 PM	4:52 PM	No. 10, 11:03 AM	3:30 PM
No. 11, 3:00 PM	5:57 PM	No. 11, 12:03 PM	4:30 PM
No. 12, 4:00 PM	7:02 PM	No. 12, 1:03 PM	5:30 PM
No. 13, 5:00 PM	8:07 PM	No. 13, 2:03 PM	6:30 PM
No. 14, 6:00 PM	9:12 PM	No. 14, 3:03 PM	7:30 PM
No. 15, 7:00 PM	10:17 PM	No. 15, 4:03 PM	8:30 PM
No. 16, 8:00 PM	11:22 PM	No. 16, 5:03 PM	9:30 PM
No. 17, 9:00 PM	12:27 PM	No. 17, 6:03 PM	10:30 PM
No. 18, 10:00 PM	1:32 PM	No. 18, 7:03 PM	11:30 PM
No. 19, 11:00 PM	2:37 PM	No. 19, 8:03 PM	12:30 AM
No. 20, 12:00 AM	3:42 PM	No. 20, 9:03 PM	1:30 AM
No. 21, 1:00 AM	4:47 PM	No. 21, 10:03 PM	2:30 AM
No. 22, 2:00 AM	5:52 PM	No. 22, 11:03 PM	3:30 AM
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No. 31, 11:00 AM	3:37 PM	No. 31, 8:03 AM	12:30 PM
No. 32, 12:00 PM	4:42 PM	No. 32, 9:03 AM	1:30 PM
No. 33, 1:00 PM	5:47 PM	No. 33, 10:03 AM	2:30 PM
No. 34, 2:00 PM	6:52 PM	No. 34, 11:03 AM	3:30 PM
No. 35, 3:00 PM	7:57 PM	No. 35, 12:03 PM	4:30 PM
No. 36, 4:00 PM	9:02 PM	No. 36, 1:03 PM	5:30 PM
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No. 42, 10:00 PM	3:32 PM	No. 42, 7:03 PM	11:30 PM
No. 43, 11:00 PM	4:37 PM	No. 43, 8:03 PM	12:30 AM
No. 44, 12:00 AM	5:42 PM	No. 44, 9:03 PM	1:30 AM
No. 45, 1:00 AM	6:47 PM	No. 45, 10:03 PM	2:30 AM
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No. 55, 11:00 AM	5:37 PM	No. 55, 8:03 AM	12:30 PM
No. 56, 12:00 PM	6:42 PM	No. 56, 9:03 AM	1:30 PM
No. 57, 1:00 PM	7:47 PM	No. 57, 10:03 AM	2:30 PM
No. 58, 2:00 PM	8:52 PM	No. 58, 11:03 AM	3:30 PM
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No. 64, 8:00 PM	3:22 PM	No. 64, 5:03 PM	9:30 PM
No. 65, 9:00 PM	4:27 PM	No. 65, 6:03 PM	10:30 PM
No. 66, 10:00 PM	5:32 PM	No. 66, 7:03 PM	11:30 PM
No. 67, 11:00 PM	6:37 PM	No. 67, 8:03 PM	12:30 AM
No. 68, 12:00 AM	7:42 PM	No. 68, 9:03 PM	1:30 AM
No. 69, 1:00 AM	8:47 PM	No. 69, 10:03 PM	2:30 AM
No. 70, 2:00 AM	9:52 PM	No. 70, 11:03 PM	3:30 AM
No. 71, 3:00 AM	10:57 PM	No. 71, 12:03 AM	4:30 AM
No. 72, 4:00 AM	12:02 PM	No. 72, 1:03 AM	5:30 AM
No. 73, 5:00 AM	1:07 PM	No. 73, 2:03 AM	6:30 AM
No. 74, 6:00 AM	2:12 PM	No. 74, 3:03 AM	7:30 AM
No. 75, 7:00 AM	3:17 PM	No. 75, 4:03 AM	8:30 AM
No. 76, 8:00 AM	4:22 PM	No. 76, 5:03 AM	9:30 AM
No. 77, 9:00 AM	5:27 PM	No. 77, 6:03 AM	10:30 AM
No. 78, 10:00 AM	6:32 PM	No. 78, 7:03 AM	11:30 AM
No. 79, 11:00 AM	7:37 PM	No. 79, 8:03 AM	12:30 PM
No. 80, 12:00 PM	8:42 PM	No. 80, 9:03 AM	1:30 PM
No. 81, 1:00 PM	9:47 PM	No. 81, 10:03 AM	2:30 PM
No. 82, 2:00 PM	10:52 PM	No. 82, 11:03 AM	3:30 PM
No. 83, 3:00 PM	11:57 PM	No. 83, 12:03 PM	4:30 PM
No. 84, 4:00 PM	1:02 PM	No. 84, 1:03 PM	5:30 PM
No. 85, 5:00 PM	2:07 PM	No. 85, 2:03 PM	6:30 PM
No. 86, 6:00 PM	3:12 PM	No. 86, 3:03 PM	7:30 PM
No. 87, 7:00 PM	4:17 PM	No. 87, 4:03 PM	8:30 PM
No. 88, 8:00 PM	5:22 PM	No. 88, 5:03 PM	9:30 PM
No. 89, 9:00 PM	6:27 PM	No. 89, 6:03 PM	10:30 PM
No. 90, 10:00 PM	7:32 PM	No. 90, 7:03 PM	11:30 PM
No. 91, 11:00 PM	8:37 PM	No. 91, 8:03 PM	12:30 AM
No. 92, 12:00 AM	9:42 PM	No. 92, 9:03 PM	1:30 AM
No. 93, 1:00 AM	10:47 PM	No. 93, 10:03 PM	2:30 AM
No. 94, 2:00 AM	11:52 PM	No. 94, 11:03 PM	3:30 AM
No. 95, 3:00 AM	12:57 PM	No. 95, 12:03 AM	4:30 AM
No. 96, 4:00 AM	1:02 PM	No. 96, 1:03 AM	5:30 AM
No. 97, 5:00 AM	2:07 PM	No. 97, 2:03 AM	6:30 AM
No. 98, 6:00 AM	3:12 PM	No. 98, 3:03 AM	7:30 AM
No. 99, 7:00 AM	4:17 PM	No. 99, 4:03 AM	8:30 AM
No. 100, 8:00 AM	5:22 PM	No. 100, 5:03 AM	9:30 AM

Entered at the Antioch Post-office for transmission through the mails as second class mail matter.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN 60 DAYS.

J. J. BURKE, PUBLISHER. : A. F. BURKE, LOCAL EDITOR.

Antioch Home News.

John Lovejoy, of Gurnee, was a caller at our office Monday.

Charles Drom, of Chicago, visited with relatives here this week.

C. O. Foltz and two oldest daughters spent Sunday in Burlington.

Have you tried that chow-chow for sale by the quart at Foltz's?

Fred Perkins, of Burlington, spent Sunday with his brother J. E. here.

Miss Jennie Thorne spent Sunday at the Ramaker House, Grass Lake.

W. C. Wertz, of Chicago, spent Sunday with the family of N. Pullen.

The largest display of fire works can be seen in the show window of C. O. Foltz & Co.

The Ladies Cemetery Association of Sand Lake, will meet with Mrs. Lewis Miller, Thursday, June 29, 1893.

Nettie Wright, Sec.

Commodore V. H. Sutton, of the Eastside, Fox Lake, was a caller at our office Monday.

Those 4 Crown olives at C. O. Foltz & Co.'s are fine. Try Them, 75 cents per quart.

The Misses Lelia Williams and Jennie Thorne attended a party at Burlington the past week.

The contract for the bank building was let last week. Messrs Howard and LaPlant are to do the mason work and G. P. Montgomery the carpenter work.

Mrs. May Taylor will sell her entire line of trimmed hats and ladies furnishing goods at half price in order to make room for new goods. The sale will open Monday morning, June 20th and continue all the week. Everything will be closed out at half price during this sale, as she must have room for new goods. Remember this is an opportunity for buying such as was never before afforded you.

Don't forget the dance at Selter's Grove, Grass Lake, the coming Saturday evening.

We are headquarters for canned goods. Call and examine our complete stock of canned soups. Foltz.

The finest and largest display of canned goods ever shown in Antioch is to be seen at C. O. Foltz & Co.

The Woodmen of Lake Villa will celebrate the fourth with a picnic and the usual games and amusements on such occasions.

Mr. Ira Webb, of Hickory, and Miss Estella Millen, of Bristol, were married last Wednesday at the Catholic church, Rosecrans, by Rev. M. A. Bruton.

Tomato soup, mock turtle soup, ox tail soup, vegetable soup, chicken soup, beef soup, bouillon soup, consommé soup, mulligatawny soup, all in stock at C. O. Foltz & Co.

At the Methodist church next Sunday morning the pastor will preach; subject, "Religious Common Sense." In the evening at 7:40 will be held a service of praise and song in charge of the Epworth League. Everybody welcome.

Chas. P. Westerfield, Ex County Surveyor, wishes to say that his residence and office is at 418 North West St., Waukegan, Ill., and that all orders from his former patrons and friends will meet with prompt attention by himself personally.

C. A. Neumeister has purchased the interest of his partner Mr. Goodman in the Elmer Hotel, Lake Marie. This resort has been fittingly styled the Scatoga of the West, and Mr. Neumeister we feel sure will be able to make it one of the most desirable places at which to spend the season.

The Epworth League have just had a window cut through into their meeting room, giving increased light and ventilation. The room is to be generally refitted and made pleasant. The devotional meeting next Sunday at 8:45 P. M. is to be led by Mr. W. F. Ziegler. All young people invited.

Last week we sent out statements to a number of our patrons who are in arrears. A number have called and settled their bills while many have not done so as yet, who would greatly oblige us by an early settlement. As early as possible we shall send statements to all persons whose accounts are over due, as we need the money and are obliged to make individual dues in many cases in order to collect accounts and meet our obligations.

Miss Carrie Chard, assisted by the best local talent and a number of artists from the city will give a grand musicale and concert at the Wilton Opera House, in Antioch, on Tuesday evening, June 27. Miss Alice Smith of Ivanhoe, the talented elocutionist, will be present, as well as many of the musical celebrities of this and the surrounding country. Miss Chard is too well known to our people to need other comment than to say her concert will be worth going miles to hear.

J. Bairstow, of Waukegan, paid Antioch a visit a few days last week, soliciting orders for cemetery work of every description. He met with good success, selling several very fine monuments in this section. He will visit Antioch twice a month and any one needing anything in his line he would be pleased to correspond with, and quote prices and show his nice selection of designs. It would pay prospective buyers to visit his works at Waukegan and see the large display of finished work. He carries about ten thousand dollars worth of finished work at all times, in both domestic and foreign granites and all kinds of marble.

Send along the news.

Plenty of warm weather.

Save your money for the 4th.

Cut the weeds in front of your property.

R. A. Smith, of Prairie View, was in our village Tuesday.

Tuesday was perhaps the warmest day we have had thus far this season.

The Rev. M. A. Bruton, of Rosecrans, was a caller at our office Thursday.

We have the finest line of Gherkins and Dinges pickles ever seen in town. C. O. Foltz & Co.

Don't fail to take in the 4th of July celebration at Lux's Park, Wadsworth. For programme see posters.

The yacht Hornet won the Davis prize at the Fox Lake regatta Saturday last, beating the other boats by a long distance.

Chase Webb is home on a visit and will take in the World's Fair before returning to Crystal Falls, Mich., where he is now employed.

Mrs. J. P. Evans and little daughter, of New Milford, Ill., are visiting Mrs. Evans' uncle and aunt, Dr. and Mrs. Emmons, and other Antioch relatives.

Hurry up that Hygeia water fountain. We are thirsty and long for a drink of the health giving beverage that flows all the way from Big Bend, Wis.

Have you tried the Champion mud cultivator in your garden? We have used one and find it does great work. Williams Bros. sell them and the price is reasonable.

L. W. Lewis, the jeweler from Lake Geneva, will be at Antioch every Monday beginning with Monday June 12, to attend to cleaning and repairing watches etc. Leave your watches and jewelry with J. E. Perkins and have them fixed.

L. W. Lewis, Lake Geneva. Prof. Jos. Vilim, in company with Mr. Ed. Schultz and Master Richards, all of Chicago, were at Albert Herman's hotel, Petite Lake, recently and are enthusiastic in their praise of the beauties of our lake resorts, and Petite Lake in particular. They could not well be otherwise. We have scenery equal to any in the state and all the natural advantages that could be desired.

The old and well known Bank of Dan Head & Co., of Kenosha, Wis., is buying all good mortgages that are offered, running two, three four and five years. We are paying 4 per cent on time certificates. We will have one of the best looking and strongest banks in the state when completed. New brown stone front going in now.

DAN HEAD & CO., Bankers.

The Security Savings Bank, of Waukegan, has a capital of \$50,000.00, transacts a general banking business; receives deposits of \$1.00 or more; pays 4 per cent on deposits. Money payable on demand. Customers' valuable papers kept in our vault free of charge. Watchman on guard all night. Choice 6 per cent farm loans for sale; principal and interest guaranteed. Chas. Whitney, Pres., W. C. Upton, Vice Pres., John Mulhall Cashier.

The Greenville Advocate published at Greenville, this state, will be sold to the highest bidder for cash on Monday, June 20, 1893 at one o'clock in the afternoon. The paper is Republican in politics and has been established thirty seven years. The office is well equipped with material for job and general work and the subscription books show a large circulation of cash paying subscribers. A good opening for anyone wishing to enter the field of journalism.

1875. { EIGHTEEN YEARS OF } 1893.
SOUND, SAFE AND SOLID BANKING.

DAN HEAD & CO., BANKERS,

KENOSHA, - WISCONSIN.

Country Merchants, Livestock Dealers, Farmers, in fact all who are obliged to handle any money in small or large amounts, would find it pleasant and to their advantage to open a Bank account.

PAY ALL YOUR BILLS WITH CHECKS DRAWN ON THIS BANK.

Keep no money at your homes.

Checks on this Bank pass at "Par" all over the United States; any store keeper will give you the cash for checks drawn on this Bank.

DEPOSITS FROM \$1.00 UP RECEIVED.

We also issue a "Bond Form Coupon Certificate," that draws 4 per cent per annum, payable every six months.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

If you have any money that you wish to loan on Mortgage Security we can place it for you. No charge. Good Mortgages on hand and for sale in sums to suit, that will pay you six per cent interest.

City 5 per cent and Government 4 per cent Bonds for sale.

Our "Nickel Savings Bank,"

IS NOW OPEN AND IN RUNNING ORDER.

(Write us for particulars.)

We Have ONE of the BEST Burglar Proof Vaults in the World. Bring in your valuable papers and deposit them therein.

DAN HEAD, President. URBAN J. LEWIS, Cashier.
Wm. ENGEL, V. Pres. F. W. ENGEL, Asst. Cashier.

WAUKEGAN

Abstract Co.

This Company is the sole owner of
The Entire set of Abstract Books
Formerly Compiled and owned by W. H. Ellis.

They are complete to all real-estate in Lake County from Government to date, and are the only complete Abstract books of Lake Co., real-estate. We also have the set compiled by D. L. JONES, which gives us the advantage of two sets.

D. L. JONES, Manager. C. A. PARTRIDGE, President.

A. P. AMES,
DEALER IN -

HARDWARE, TIN WARE,
BARB WIRE AND BUILDERS SUPPLIES,

Paints, Oils, Brushes, Calcimine, etc. New Process Gasoline stoves,

FARM MACHINERY, PLOWS, BUGGIES, CARTS,

WIND MILLS, HARNESS, PUMPS ETC.

Milk Cans Our Specialty

ANTIOCH, ILL.

ANY THING NOT IN STOCK PROMPTLY ORDERED.

No trouble to show goods, I am here to sell and all I ask is an opportunity to show my machinery and make prices. Call and see me.

New Shoes
hurt one's feet.

There is a temptation to make the old ones do, even when they have begun to let in damp, rather than to hobble painfully in new. To combine the advantages of both

BEN STONE,
Antioch, Illinois,

SELLS
SHOES THAT
DO NOT HURT.

Yet are elegant shaped, wear well and do not cost dear.

Test this statement; a call will convince. Your old horror of new shoes will vanish. Our patrons neither hobble in new or slouch in superannuated shoes. They

Walk in a more Excellent way,
BEN STONE,

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

ANTIOCH NEWS

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

WEEKLY NEWS REVIEW.

Latest Telegraphic News From All Parts of the World.

George Drier, a Polish Jew, who murdered Mrs. Fannie M. Fadden at Cape Charles, Va., Oct. 10, 1891, was hanged at Eastville, Va.

George Reller, a business man of Liberty, Ind., is missing and fears of foul play are entertained. He was last seen in Indianapolis.

United States Deputy Marshal Lathrop arrested a man named Chaney in the Indian Territory who is believed to be one of the desperadoes who robbed the Bentonville bank.

The preliminary hearing in the Bertha Manchester murder case at Fall River, Mass., has been postponed. It is said that the prisoner, Corrolo, has confessed that he did the killing but after a strong fight had been made.

A Baptist church tower and the fire bell tower at Valdosta, Ga., were blown down during a severe storm that swept over Southern Georgia. Many houses were unroofed at Thomasville. The melon and pear crops were badly injured.

The whaling bark Sea Ranger of San Francisco was wrecked May 24 off Kyak Island, coast of Alaska. The vessel and cargo are a total loss.

The United States steamers Ranger, Mohican and Corwin and the British man-of-war Petrel are at Sitka awaiting orders before proceeding to Behring Sea.

The action of the New York Clearing-House in arranging to issue certificates in case of emergency is well received at Omaha, Cleveland and Philadelphia.

At Leadville, Col., Dr. Schmiedinger tried to kill his divorced wife, but only wounded her in the leg. The woman's refusal of a reconciliation led to the shooting.

Near Tonawanda, N. Y., a train carrying poles for work on the lumber docks was struck by strikers. The windows of the cars were wrecked, but no person was injured.

Several mines at Bellaire, Ohio, have shut down, owing to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad being behind in its vouchers to operators. Over 1,000 miners are out of work as a result.

Natural gas has been struck at St. Louis on the premises of a dressed beef company, who are sinking an artesian well. The gas has forced its way through 800 feet of water.

Prof. Edward Everett Hale, Jr., of Iowa University, and Miss Rose Postelwhite Perkins were united in marriage at Waterford, Conn., by the Rev. Edward Hale, father of the groom.

A highwayman attacked the mail stage near Jackson, Cal., and killed Michael Taylor, one of the passengers. The horse was killed and ran away, preventing robbery.

The Kentucky House defeated a bill to move the capital to Louisville. The fight for removal has been going on for forty years, but the result is final, made so by the constitution.

Cesar Hennington was hanged at Hazelhurst, Miss., for the murder last September of Dr. J. C. Davis.

Several buildings at Mexico, Mo., were damaged by a severe electric storm.

In a riot at Reading, Pa., two Hungarian strikers at the Henry Clay furnace were probably fatally injured.

Five men were injured, one fatally, and twenty cars smashed in a wreck on the Nickel Plate road at Hamburg, Ind., Sunday.

Evans and Sontag, the California bandits, will recover from their wounds, it is now believed. They will be taken from Visalia to Fresno for trial.

William H. Price, President of the savings bank at Norwalk, Ohio, had three ribs broken and received serious internal injuries by an attack from a bull.

John R. Amos shot William Matthews five times at Visalia, Cal. The trouble grew out of a lawsuit. Matthews' wounds are believed to be fatal.

SIX PEOPLE ARE BLOWN UP.

Terrible Dynamite Explosion at West Hoboken Caused by Carelessness.

NEW YORK, June 17.—Six persons were injured, one fatally, three houses were wrecked and several stores and dwellings damaged in West Hoboken, N. J., by an explosion of dynamite. The injured are:

COSLIN, Mrs., injured by falling ceiling.
FROST, Mrs., cut by flying debris.
GARCIA, Nicola, watchman, skull fractured and otherwise torn by dynamite; will die.

NESTLER, Mrs., cut by glass.
SCHIELE, August, badly cut on the head.

A careless watchman employed by a contractor exploded the dynamite in a tool-box. Had the accident occurred ten minutes earlier many more would have been hurt.

Hobbed a Chicago Drummer.

FREEMONT, Ill., June 17.—John Lawless and Joe Winn, two well-known young men of this city, were arrested this morning on the charge of "holding up" W. A. Slocum, a traveling representative of the Hall Safe Company. Slocum claims that the two men met him on Stephenson Street at 1:30 this morning and hit him with a sand-bag, after which they robbed him of \$12. Lawless and Winn are in jail awaiting trial.

Joseph Jefferson Very Ill.
FALL RIVER, Mass., June 19.—Joseph Jefferson left New York on the steamboat Pilgrim yesterday afternoon on his way to Buzzards Bay. He seemed in bad condition for the trip and looked very ill as he was led on the boat. During the night he was taken quite ill and a physician was hunted up. He was with Mr. Jefferson two or three hours. Mr. Jefferson's condition had not improved to-day and it was said that he would remain on the boat all day and be removed to the Mellen House, where he will remain until he recovers his strength. It was said that he was not dangerously ill, but very weak.

KILLED BY A HIGHWAYMAN.

Express Messenger Shot Dead by a California Road Agent.

JACKSON, Cal., June 16.—An attempt was made to rob the mail stage from Lone to Jackson about 5 o'clock last evening by a lone highwayman at the foot of Morrow grade, about five miles from here. The stage had four passengers inside, two of whom were ladies, on the outside were the driver, Clinton Radcliffe, Wells-Fargo's guard, Michael Torey, and one passenger. The robber was concealed behind rocks on the side of the road. When the stage was opposite his place of concealment the discharge of his weapon was heard and Radcliffe grasped him by one hand and held him. The ball struck Torey behind the right shoulder and is supposed to have pierced his heart. Six horses were attached to the stage and the crack of the rifle frightened them into a gallop. The robber fired again and at this time the ball grazed Radcliffe's back, producing a slight flesh wound. The horses continued to run and the highwayman fired twice more, wounding two of the animals. The stage was carried along by the uninjured horses for 200 or 300 yards, when the driver halted and turned the two injured animals into a field and came on, bringing the body of the murdered messenger to Jackson. The robber made no effort to follow the stage.

The firing was heard by several farmers working in a hayfield near by and they came running to ascertain the cause. The robber escaped in the thick brush. There was treasure on board the stage both for Amador City and Jackson. Torey had been a messenger for Wells-Fargo for twenty years and had been wounded three times before by road agents. There is much excitement over the affair. Sheriff Gregory and a posse started at once in pursuit on hearing of the tragedy.

EULALIA REACHES NEW YORK.

Commander Davis No Longer "Personally Conducting" the Princess.

NEW YORK, June 19.—The Infanta Eulalia and party, somewhat tired with all the sight-seeing and entertainment provided by the West, have arrived in the city. The trip from Niagara Falls was made without any startling incident.

The train ran ahead of the scheduled time of the limited express all the way from Buffalo and arrived at the Grand Central station sixteen minutes ahead of time. Quite a crowd gathered to meet the Princess. A long row of palms and potted plants lined the carpeted platform and an awning covered the sidewalk. A detail of police kept the crowd back. Mr. J. B. Cehalos, who has placed his name on hand to receive her and his carriage was at the door. Commander Davis said last evening that his duties ended the moment the Princess' foot touched the platform. The nation is no longer the host and the Princess is absolutely free from official obligation of any kind. Commander Davis is at the Hoffman House, where he will remain until the Princess sails for Europe June 29. He said that the Princess returned from Chicago very much pleased with all that had been done for her.

LOOK OUT FOR JULY 1.

New York Bankers Lecture Chicago.

NEW YORK, June 19.—The Post says: The issue of loan certificates is a problem with which outside observers have no right to interfere. But the free accommodation of Western speculators by Western banks at the expense of New York city is quite another matter.

"Irrespective of private or speculative interests the restoration of general welfare still hangs very largely on the making of a market for our products among the foreign buyers. At a low price these buyers will take wheat. It was being freely supplied yesterday from Duluth and other storage points at prices which undersell Chicago."

"If the Chicago financiers imagine that by devoting all their resources to customers laboring under a load of speculative wheat they can force up prices to a figure where the Cudahy pool can sell with profit they have learned little from their experience of panics."

"Some idle talk has come from the same quarter of Chicago's having drawn upon New York this week for its own legitimate balances. This is to ignore most foolishly the source of the westward shipments. By far the greater bulk of this was money loaned to Western banks by New York institutions on commercial paper."

"Beginning with July these obligations will mature, and unless extended they will be paid by a return of cash. What this will mean to Chicago and the West, unless its banks pursue a policy of the utmost caution, need hardly be described."

MUST SURRENDER CHARTERS.

Insurance Companies of Massachusetts After the Sick-Endowment Companies.

BOSTON, Mass., June 17.—Insurance Commissioner Merrill has notified the sick-endowment companies now doing business that it is necessary to make a return to him within thirty days of their financial condition. This is the initial step taken to compel these companies to cease doing business. The companies in question are the Order of Franklin, the Order of Equity, International Fraternal alliance, American Friendly society, American Mutual Relief association and the Abraham Lincoln Benefit association. As soon as Mr. Merrill has been informed as to their financial condition he will apply to the Supreme Court for a receiver for each company and ask that their business cease at that time.

Will Be Easy on Banker Mosser.

OMAHA, Neb., June 19.—It is practically certain that Charles W. Mosser, the banking President of the Capital National Bank of Lincoln, will stand up before a jury in the Federal District Court and plead guilty to several of the charges and indictments against him in consideration of certain others being dismissed, and will then receive the sentence of the court. It has been conceded by United States Prosecuting Attorney Baker from the start that there were a number of charges that could not be sustained by proof, but that there were others from which there was no escape, unless the proposition to compromise was accepted.

GO TO GRAY GABLES.

PRESIDENT AND MRS. CLEVELAND LEAVE NEXT WEEK.

Mrs. Gresham Will Return to Chicago—Secretary and Mrs. Carlisle to Visit the Big Fair—Secretary Herbert Will Cruise.

WASHINGTON, June 17.—The President and Mrs. Cleveland are expected to leave next Tuesday for Gray Gables, Buzzard's Bay, Mass. Mr. Cleveland will remain only long enough to see his wife comfortably settled. She and Baby Ruth will remain at Gray Gables during the summer. The trip to the World's Fair having been put off until fall. Mr. Cleveland expects to occupy his new country place, just outside of Washington during most of the heated term, making frequent but short trips to Buzzard's Bay.

Mrs. Gresham has returned from Chicago and is with the Secretary of State at the Arlington. She intends to spend part of the next two months in Chicago, although she has leased her house in that city.

The only definite plan Secretary and Mrs. Carlisle have been able to make for the summer is a trip to the World's Fair. Mrs. Mattie Thompson, who spent three or four days with Mrs. Carlisle, has returned to her home in Louisville.

Miss Russell will go to Glen Summit, Pa., early next week and will remain most of the summer. It being possible for the Postmaster-General to make his wife and daughter frequent trips.

Secretary Herbert will remain at his Alabama home for a week or so. Miss Herbert and Mrs. Micon will make a six days' visit and then come North and go cruising with the Secretary aboard the Dolphin.

SHERMAN REPEAL POLICY.

President Will Probably Seek to Repeal the State Bank Tax.

WASHINGTON, June 17.—The policy of the administration looking to the repeal of the Sherman law seems to be definitely agreed upon. It may be safely asserted that President Cleveland does not believe that this Sherman law can be repealed without certain concessions are made.

"There are three propositions open to the Democratic advocates of the repeal of the law, by which they may bring to its support enough votes from the South and West to accomplish the repeal. The first of these is the enlargement of the currency by increasing the issue of national bank notes to 100 instead of 90 per cent of their bonds, which are held to secure circulation; second, the repeal of the tax on State bank notes, and third the free coinage of silver."

The latter will not be accepted by the administration. The first would be a compromise, which would be acceptable to a few representatives and Senator who now oppose the repeal of the Sherman law, but would hardly secure strength enough to secure the repeal.

The repeal of the 10 per cent tax on State bank notes is one that would be popular in the South for various reasons. It appears now that the President and his advisers believe that this is the only one of the three propositions that can be safely accepted.

GROVER IS GROWING SOUTHER.

His Daily Pressure Walks Abandoned Because of Fatigue.

WASHINGTON, June 17.—In defiance of hard work and the heavy responsibility resting upon him the President is steadily gaining in avoirdupois. His increased weight has begun to be walking has become a burden and Mr. Cleveland finds himself forced to forego much of his customary exercise.

This is a source of keen regret to him, and in order to reduce his size the chief executive is quietly pursuing the hanting system. He allows himself but two meals a day—a light breakfast and dinner with simple meats and spring vegetables. Since making possession of his country home the customary mid-day luncheon has been religiously omitted, and in this way the President finds additional time for work, to which he devotes himself conscientiously.

HATCHET FOUND AT BORDEN'S.

It Was Lodged on Top of a Barn Near the Scene of Murder.

FALL RIVER, Mass., June 17.—A son of C. C. Potter, clerk in the Fall River Water Works office, while looking for a ball, found a hatchet on the top of John Crowe's barn, which is located just in the rear of the Borden property. Mr. Potter reported his find to the police and also sought an interview with the counsel for defense but was unable to find Mr. Jennings. He still has the hatchet in his possession. It is an ordinary implement with a hammer head. The handle is weather-beaten and the blade covered with rust.

Found Guilty of Embezzling \$104,000.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 17.—J. W. Flood, ex-cashier of the Donohoe-Kelly banking company, was convicted yesterday on a charge of embezzlement of nearly \$104,000 from the institution. Flood, who had been at liberty on bail since his arrest some weeks ago, was ordered into the custody of the sheriff and will be sentenced next week. The defense introduced no testimony during the trial and made no attempt to show at what time Flood had taken the money or what disposition he had made of it. Flood has never made any admission to any one in this regard, and the only explanation he would ever give is that he had paid the money over the counter of the bank in the regular course of business.

OIL-WORKS ASSIGNS.

Liabilities Estimated at \$300,000—Could Not Secure Extensions.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 17.—The Genesee oil-works, limited, have made a general assignment. The liabilities of the company are about \$300,000. The cause of the assignment was the inability to meet several large notes when they became due or to have them extended.

Among the preferences are the First National Bank of Minersville, Pa., two notes for \$5,000 and \$4,000; the Hazleton Banking and Trust Company of Hazleton, Pa., \$19,000.

THE BUILDING WAS UNSAFE.

Further Testimony at the Inquest on the Ford's Theater Victims.

WASHINGTON, June 19.—In the continued inquest on the victims of the Ford's theater disaster T. C. Entwistle, the building inspector of the district, testified that the mortar used in the alterations was bad and the brickwork badly done. Architect Clark of the capitol testified that the weight on the floor was considerably less than the safety limit.

Mr. Sasse, the engineer of the theater building, who testified yesterday, was recalled at the afternoon session and asked to produce the plan which he drew for the electric-lighting plant. Mr. Sasse said Col. Alsworth had taken the plans away the day after the accident, but the witness agreed to see the colonel and produce them before the jury, which he subsequently did, with explanations.

August Davis, a builder, and an unsuccessful bidder for the electric lighting plant work, said he thought the plans for the work were such that no man could form from them an intelligent idea as to what was wanted. He had told Capt. Thorpe, chief of the supply division of the War Department, that the work was dangerous.

After James H. McGill, an architect, had testified that any man in his right senses would not have done such work as that beneath the theater without shoring; that a competent draughtsman should have drawn the plans, and that an expert should have superintended the work according to custom, the jury adjourned until to-day, when it is expected the inquiry will be concluded.

Among the victims of the disaster was the son of John A. Daly, an ex-soldier from Pennsylvania, employed as a watchman in the Interior Department. Mr. Daly was discharged some days ago, but when Secretary Smith was in the theater week and that killed in the theater week and that the family might suffer by reason of the father's dismissal, he immediately ordered his reinstatement.

EIFFEL GIVEN HIS LIBERTY.

Charles de Lesseps Likely to Be Set Free by French Courts.

PARIS, June 17.—Considerable excitement has been caused by the decision of the Court of Cassation on the appeal of Charles de Lesseps and the other defendants convicted of fraud in connection with the Panama Canal company. The court handed down its decision yesterday, quashing the sentences on the ground that the statute of limitations covered the offenses charged and that the indictment on which the prisoners were tried was regular.

In consequence of this decision M. Eiffel was at once liberated from prison. M. Fontaine was also notified of the reversal of his sentence and he was at once given his liberty.

In addition to the sentence of five years' imprisonment imposed on M. Charles de Lesseps he was sentenced at a later trial to serve a year for bribing certain members of the chambers to vote for the Panama bond bill. It is probable that the unreserved portion of the sentence will be immediately remitted and that M. de Lesseps will be allowed to leave the hospital as soon as he is able to do so. One of the greatest criminal cases France has ever known, in which the names of men prominent in political and social life were badly smirched, and which caused one man—Baron de Reinach—to commit suicide and two or three others to flee the country.

PLEA FOR LIBERIA.

Bishop Taylor Asks American Protection for the Republic from Europe.

NEW YORK, June 17.—Bishop William Taylor of Africa has addressed a letter to Secretary of State Gresham, in which he says:

"Our government bears no legal responsibility for the protection of Liberia, but if we can by moral suasion extend over them a protecting shield against oppression it would be wisely England's hands are tied by the fact that she appropriated about one hundred miles of the northeast coast of Liberia a few years ago. Now that France is laying claim to seventy-three miles of their southeast coast, England cannot interfere, if so disposed. Other European nations are in the grab game for African territory, so that our government seems to be the only one in a position to help Liberia. The Liberian government is weak and cannot protect herself against foreign governments, but the Liberian republic is not a failure, and if not crushed by foreign invasion it will yet make an honorable score for the possibilities of the negro nationality."

TAXES FOR MILLIONAIRES.

Kansas Plan for Raising Revenue by a Graduated Estate Tax.

TOPEKA, Kan., June 19.—Lieut.-Gov. Percy Daniels, who has evolved a graduated estate tax scheme, yesterday announced that he proposed to organize a league of clubs to be known as the Graduated Estate Tax and Club. His plan of organization will be similar to that of the Henry George Single Tax Club. Mr. Daniels' scheme is to raise all of the revenue of the federal government by taxing millionaires. On estates of \$1,000,000 and not more than \$2,000,000 he proposes to levy a tax of 1 per cent; on estates over \$2,000,000 to \$5,000,000 he will levy a tax of 3 per cent, and on estates from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 a tax of 8 per cent. On estates of more than \$10,000,000 his tax is 18 per cent. This plan, Mr. Daniels says, will raise an annual revenue of \$2,000,000, which will be paid by 10,000 persons. It is meeting with great favor among Kansas populists and will probably be incorporated in the party platform next year.

Proud of the Irish Village.

DUBLIN, June 19.—At a meeting of the Dublin municipal council of fifty held here resolutions expressing great satisfaction at the successful opening of the Irish Industrial Village at the World's Fair were adopted. The resolutions were offered by the lord mayor and seconded by Ald. Joseph Meade. Satisfaction is also expressed in the resolution for the admirable arrangements made for the display of Irish industries, which have been carried out under the supervision of the countess of Aberdeen and her assistants.

FAIR OPEN SUNDAYS.

FINAL SETTLEMENT OF THE MATTER IN CHICAGO.

Judges Fuller, Allen and Hann Hand Down Their Decisions—There is No Possibility of Appeal From the Opinions They Give.

CHICAGO, June 19.—The World's Fair is to be kept open on Sundays. Such was the decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, Chief Justice Fuller presiding, given this morning.

The appeal from the order of Circuit Judges Woods and Jenkins closing the fair on Sundays had been argued for two days, and the Court of Appeals reversed it and held that the local directory could do as it pleased in the matter.

This settles the case for all time, as both sides had agreed that no appeal should be taken from this court. Neither is one possible, as it would have to go to the Supreme Court of the United States, which does not meet until October.

Chief Justice Fuller rendered the decision, in which both Judges Allen and Hann concurred. It was a short affair, the Chief Justice announcing that a more complete opinion would be filed next week and he would then give a synopsis of it, it being necessary to decide the case before another Sunday had gone by.

CURRENCY FOR THE WEST.

Falling Off of the Shipments from New York—Clearing-House Certificates.

NEW YORK, June 19.—The Clearing House loan committee met yesterday, but did not issue any certificates. After the meeting members of the committee declined to give any information to reporters as to whether any applications had been received for loan certificates or whether any certificates had been issued. As a matter of fact no certificates could be issued yesterday, because there had not been time for the directors of any bank which might desire to take some to meet and authorize the necessary application to be made therefor.

The action of the Clearing House Association in deciding to issue loan certificates was warmly commended on every hand yesterday and it was conceded that the announcement of their resolutions had had a very beneficial effect.

There was a slight falling off in the shipments of currency yesterday; it was estimated that the amount would fall a good deal short of \$1,000,000. The demand for currency has had the effect of increasing the amount of free gold in the Treasury and the amount of such gold exceeded \$2,000,000, which is a gain of more than \$500,000 over last week. Of this sum \$1,500,000 came from the National City Bank, which has been one of the largest shippers of currency to the West. The National City Bank has kept all its reserve in gold and was thus enabled to comply readily with the demands of its country correspondents. But for the fact that the Treasury has had to pay out large sums for pensions it would have shown a large gain in legal tenders, a large amount of which were received from the banks for currency. Thus far the sub-Treasury has been enabled to meet nearly all the demands for currency, but there is a scarcity of "ones," "twos" and "fives" and it is insisted on gold or legal tenders for these. For notes of other denominations it accepted Treasury certificates as well as legal tenders.

WEDDED ON HIS DEATH-BED.

Marriage at St. Louis Hospital Under Peculiarly Sad Circumstances.

ST. LOUIS, June 17.—A marriage took place at St. Mary's Hospital under circumstances peculiarly sad and for which the funeral knells will be sounded instead of wedding chimes. The groom, Carl Gabelhardt, aged 26 years, is slowly dying of injuries received in a runaway on Monday last, while the bride, Miss Marie Valentine, is a beautiful girl who has not yet completed her eighteenth year. When the hospital surgeons told Miss Valentine her love had but a few hours to live she insisted on the marriage taking place at once. The dying man's injuries had been unusually painful during the day and the doctors thought it advisable to place him under the influence of morphine and as the drug made him unconscious the ceremony was postponed until to-day.

DEATH AT THE FAIR.

A Fatal Accident on the Ice Railway.

CHICAGO, June 19.—One man has been killed and five injured by an accident on the ice railway. The road was not open to the public. Those injured were taking a trial trip. The car in which the people were riding left the track and they were thrown to the roadway. Imperfect construction was the cause of the accident. The dead are:

W. B. RICHMOND, farmer, living at Duquoin, Ill., fractured three ribs and received internal injuries; died in the Emergency Hospital at 8 o'clock.

The injured are:

H. JACOB, Algerian village; contusion on left leg.

J. JACOB, Algerian village; contusion on left leg.

D. F. SLATER, of the Ferris wheel, State and Fifty-fifth streets; contusion on right leg.

MISS MAX AYERS, 1025 Taylor street, jaw and both wrists fractured.

CARL FRECH, musician from German village; right arm fractured.

Ran Into a Washout.

TOPEKA, Kan., June 17.—Two miller west of Council Grove a cloud burst over Elm Creek, causing the stream to overflow its banks. Several bridges were swept away, among them the Missouri Pacific Railroad bridge. The grade for a mile leading to the bridge was also washed away. A west-bound freight train ran into the crutch and the engine was turned completely over. The engineer and fireman saved their lives by jumping into the flood. About \$10,000 damage was done to the train and its contents.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The deposits at American savings banks amounted in 1891 to \$1,654,000,000.

There are in this country 430 colleges and universities, with 8,473 professors and teachers.

Livery prices at most Florida resorts are so high that only financial giants can reach them.

Fourteen minor planets were discovered during the last month, bringing the total number of small planets known to 375.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript tells of a man so perverse that he would see the leaning tower of Pisa straight if he should visit it.

A plague of caterpillars has infested the neighborhood of Clarkton, N. C. Engineers of the Carolina Central railroad state that the caterpillars are two inches deep on the track for a distance of ten miles.

An owl and snake had a fight in Texas. The owl caught the snake by the tail and drew it ten feet in the air and let it drop, and this was repeated until the owl seemed to have disabled the snake, when it flew off with it in triumph.

A very unusual case has been heard at Wellington, New Zealand, where a woman 70 years of age was charged with drunkenness. The evidence showed that she was the sole support of her father and mother, who are aged respectively 98 and 94.

The craze for antique jewelry and productions of art reached a high pitch during the recent sale of Spitzer collections at Paris. The sale of the numerous small articles amounted to about \$75,000 per day. One plate twenty inches in diameter, decorated with a banquet of gods, brought \$10,500.

Ralph J. de Mayne, the English hunter of big game in Africa, when in San Francisco recently on his way home from India said that he thought the American grizzly and an infuriated elephant were more dangerous than a lion, but that the charge of a rhinoceros was the most dangerous of all.

A Washington correspondent mentions among the wealthiest colored men of the capital John F. Cook, estimated to be worth from \$150,000 to \$200,000; Fred Douglas, \$150,000; the two sons of the late James Wormley, \$100,000; John R. Lynch, \$75,000; P. B. S. Pinchback, \$50,000; Drs. C. B. Purvis and John A. Francis, \$75,000 each, and the children of the first feedstore man, Lee, \$600,000.

FEMININITIES.

A philosopher says a girl should marry for protection—not for revenue only.

Denmark allows every subject, male or female, who is 60 years of age, a small pension.

London society is much exercised as to whether a married woman should (over)rule.

Old anglers say that if you wish to catch a fine fish you must not throw your bait directly at him. Young ladies may take notice.

At a printers' festival recently, the following sentiment was offered: "Women, second only to the press in the dissemination of news."

It is just as easy to say a kind thing as a hard thing about your neighbor, but most people seem to think it isn't so entertaining to the listener.

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THE ENLIST SPECIAL PHYSICIAN
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\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
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FRANCE'S EXHIBIT.

FEATURES OF GOVERNMENT DISPLAYED AT CHICAGO.

The Great Building of the Sister Republic—The Herkimer System for the Identification of Criminals—Street Cleaning, Sewage and Fire Protection.

(World's Fair Correspondence.)

PARIS HAS OPENED the doors of its interesting contribution to the Exposition. It occupies the south wing and circular gallery of the French building on the lake shore, and the exhibit is a comprehensive display of the administrative life and of the municipal government of Paris.

Every branch of the municipality has its place in the exhibit, that of the police taking the most space and attracting the greatest attention. It occupies the greater part of two of the three rooms. The Herkimer system for identifying criminals is the principal feature of the section devoted to the Prefecture of Police. Large photographs arranged in proper sequence show the operation of the system from the time the man is brought into the measuring room until the complete record with photograph is filed. The measuring appliances are also shown, and there is a wonderfully life-like wax figure, seated in a chair, facing the camera, which not only takes the photograph, but certain measurements at the same time.

the Provost orphanage, with a bust of Provost, the philanthropist. Paris has sent a large collection of models of its street-cleaning machinery. In it is a cart with a hand-elevating device for raising garbage boxes from the sidewalk level over the tailboard of the cart. Street-sweepers, sweeping machines, hand-barrows, wheel barrows, brooms, flooding devices and other appliances complete the exhibit. The fire department is represented by a number of photographs of engines, hose carts, trucks and life-ladders.

A large map of Paris in 1893 is shown, as well as a profile map, and tinted cross sections of the noted sewers of Paris show their construction and use. In this connection is a section of a large dwelling house, showing the sanitary appliances and sewer connections required by the Parisian health bureau. Around the curved galleries a large number of oil paintings and large photographs of Parisian scenes are hung.

There is a certain embarrassment experienced by the spectators who is not a linguist, for all the explanatory matter is neatly printed in French, and a vast deal of what is interesting is lost to visitors.

IN A BIG ZOO.

How the Hippopotamus Family Makes Love in Central Park, New York. (New York Correspondence.)

A grave doubt has arisen in the mind of Director Smith of the Central Park Menagerie, as to the relations existing between the various members of the hippopotamus family. They are all on friendly terms, of course, but it is a question whether Caliph, the husband and father, can distinguish between his wife, Miss Murphy, and his daughter, Fatima. This is a serious state of affairs, but Caliph can hardly be

through the paling partition at every opportunity, while Miss Murphy stands by unheeded. The hippopotamus' method of kissing is interesting. The one who does the kissing (the male, of course) opens his jaws to the fullest extent. In Caliph the extent is something over two feet, so that when he is ready to kiss you may see a



AN AFFECTIONATE KISS.

considerable distance down his throat. The female hippopotamus then opens her mouth slightly, only about one foot or so, and rests her lower lip on that of the male. The latter closes his mouth gently and holds the other's lower lip tenderly for a moment. The kiss is then over.

During the progress of these delicate attentions, Miss Murphy has exhibited no sign of jealousy. In fact, it may be fair to assume that she feels a certain sense of pleasure that her spouse has shown such an apparent change of heart toward his offspring, Fatima, for her part, appears to enjoy

THE WIND.
I saw you toss the kites on high,
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
Oh wind, blowing all day long,
Oh wind, that sings so loud a song!
I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see you yourself at all—
Oh wind, blowing all day long,
Oh wind, that sings so loud a song!
Oh you, that are so strong and cold,
Oh blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
Oh wind, blowing all day long,
Oh wind, that sings so loud a song!
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

A MODERN CINDERELLA.

BY CHARLOTTE M. DRAEM.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

They professed such cordial, kindly liking for him, they made him so welcome, that Sir Leonard was blinded as to their real character; he visited them often. Poor Florence had cause to remember his name; the sisters were ordinarily tiresome enough, but when he was coming she was in despair.

Jane would change her flowers, her ornaments, her jewels a dozen times over; and no dress could be devised that showed Mabel's figure to sufficient perfection. When Florence had patiently brought out six or seven Mabel would lose her temper.

"You know Sir Leonard is coming, and you do it on purpose," she would say. "You are too stupid to live!" and then the hard half-brush would be rapped on the soft, white fingers.

"Sir Leonard is coming!" soon became a formula that poor Florence detested. She, herself, was never allowed to come near any of the rooms when visitors were present; she had strict orders to confine herself to the back of the house, so that she had never seen Sir Leonard. She heard plenty of him; at night the sisters quarrelled most terribly about him, each one repeating every word he had said.

"I am sure it is me he likes," Mabel would say; "he looks at me, and—well, I know I am the favorite."
"Nothing of the kind!" snapped Jane. "Sir Leonard loves music—he will never marry any one who does not sing well."

"He will never marry you, my dear," said Mabel, solemnly.
"Nonsense, my love," retorts Jane. And then, having quarrelled with each other, they would both unite in abusing Florence.

She was weary in heart and soul and mind; weary unto death; but there seemed no escape from her slavery—none but death.

One day it happened that the whole family—father, mother and daughters—had gone out, and Mrs. Morgan, going up into the ante-room, insisted upon Florence taking a run in the grounds.

"I will finish that dress for you," she said; "it is a lovely, clear, bright, old morning, and you must go."

By that time the girl had grown apathetic. She did not care whether she went out or not. She was fast reaching that state when nothing either pained or pleased her.

More to please the housekeeper than herself, she went; and that morning was the turning point of her life.

It was bright, clear and cold; a beautiful October morning, and the gorgeous autumn flowers were all in bloom; the leaves—red, golden and brown—lay on the paths; the woods looked inviting, and she had not seen them since the old square died.

She was a poet by nature, this unloved, neglected girl, and the poet's soul was strong within her. The dead leaves, the bare branches, the clear, blue sky, the wind half singing, half moaning—rising and falling like the music of some grand chant—filled her soul with a sense of beauty for which she could not find words. It was so great a luxury to be alone—to be away from the sound of those shrill, scolding voices—away from the old faces, away from the wearisome tasks—out here in the sweet, wild woods alone. It was luxury enough to find a seat on one of the fallen branches, the blue sky, the long woodland vistas—listening to the grand anthems of the mind—content. So well content to sit there alone.

She little dreamed how fair a picture she presented, nor who was watching her as she sat there. The ill-fitting dress she wore—one of Mabel's, a sad-colored silk that had done duty for many years—did not and could not disguise the grace of that perfect figure; the beautiful girlish face, so sweet, so sad, so wistful, perhaps all the lovelier for its traces of delicate health, was inexpressibly touching; there was something so resigned, so patient in the attitude, and he, who was looking on with eyes full of admiration, said to himself:

"Youth should not look like that."
He was standing leaning against an old stile. He had intended to cross the woods, but seeing this beautiful vision under the trees, he stopped to watch it. She was perfectly unconscious of his presence. As he stood there she took her hat from her head, and all the wealth of golden hair fell over her—the magnificent hair so detested by Mrs. Harcourt. She laid her head back against the trunk of a tree, watching intently the clear sky and tall trees. Then he saw the beautiful eyes fill with tears, and the sweet lips quiver.

"She looks very unhappy," he thought; "what can be the matter with her? and who can she be? I must speak to her. I never saw a face one-half so beautiful. I wish I could comfort her."

And with the sudden wish to comfort her came such a rush of love that he trembled as he looked at her. He

crossed the path, and then, seeing that she looked up in startled alarm, he took off his hat and said:
"I trust that I have not disturbed you."

Her face flushed crimson; she rose with a frightened look; he never forgot. She had been told so often never to allow any visitors or strangers to see her, and now here was a gentleman positively speaking to her. He did not understand her alarm.

"I am sure that I have frightened you," he said. "Let me introduce myself, then you will know that I am not a stranger; my name is Sir Leonard Falconer, and I am a frequent visitor at the Grange here."

She looked up at him in wonder; this was Leonard Falconer—this handsome, kindly nobleman—the gentleman over whom her cousins were always disputing—it was almost impossible. He could not help feeling the surprise so plainly expressed in her eyes, and she laughed good-naturedly.

"Why do you look so astonished at me?" he asked.

"I—beg your pardon," she replied, "but I am so surprised to find you are Sir Leonard Falconer."

"You have heard my name, then?" he interrupted, hastily. "yet I do not remember to have had the pleasure of meeting you before."

Again her face grew crimson. Oh, what would happen to her if by chance this incident came to Mrs. Harcourt's ears? She looked at him—the sweet, wistful face was raised so shyly to his.

"You look so kind," she said. "I want to ask you to grant me a favor."

"I will do anything on earth for you," he said, eagerly.

"Will you please not to mention to anyone that you have seen me here? I ought not to be here, but I wanted to see the woods. You will not tell anyone?"

"I will not indeed," he replied; "but you forget that I do not know you—and I should so very much like to see you again."

She only smiled; and he remembered it, because it was the first smile he had seen upon her face.

The next moment she had vanished among the trees, and he would not distress her by following her to see where she went.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Harcourt was seated, with her two daughters, in the drawing room at Weston Grange. They were evidently prepared for visitors, and were sitting in state. Mabel was most elaborately and beautifully dressed, thanks to the skill, the taste and the industry of Florence. Jane, less elaborate, not having any great amount of figure to display, was busily engaged in copying music.

They sat in silence for some minutes, then Mrs. Harcourt said:

"Sir Leonard Falconer has been coming here for some time now."

Neither of the sisters uttered a word in reply.

"Has he—is he particular in his attentions to either of you?" continued Mrs. Harcourt.

An angry look from Jane.

"I do not know what you call particular, mamma," she said.

"I hope," continued Mrs. Harcourt, "that you do not allow any silly feeling of jealousy to interfere. Remember, it does not matter which of you becomes Lady Falconer, but I shall certainly expect one or the other to succeed."

"We cannot help it if Sir Leonard does not propose," said Mabel sulkily.

"You can and must. He comes so often and is so inclined to be friendly with us, that I am quite sure if you managed discreetly you could get a proposal from him."

"I do not think so," said Jane. "He is, as you say, very kind, very friendly, but nothing of that kind is ever alluded to."

"Then you must be very deficient. Many girls with only half the chance that Sir Leonard has given you, would have been married before now."

"Sir Leonard Falconer," announced a servant, and a change wonderful to see, came over the faces of the ladies. The shrewd, sour looks vanished as though by magic; sweetest smiles, most bland and amicable grace beamed in each countenance. Sir Leonard was warmly welcomed.

"We were just wishing for a visitor to dispel our ennui," said Mrs. Harcourt. "My husband is gone out and we were very lonely."

The young baronet made some laughing reply, greeted Mabel, and going over to Jane, sat down by her side.

"What song are you copying," he asked.

"Your favorite," she replied; "The Bells of Abergoldy."

"Will you sing it for me?" he asked; that song has haunted me since I heard it."

Jane complied in her most charming manner. She had a very sweet face, and though she sang without expression, without feeling or pathos, her voice was certainly sweet and musical.

"Thank you," he said. "I have never heard any air that I like better."

"He certainly prefers Jane," thought the watchful mother; "I must give Mabel a hint to keep out of the way."

"How some faces remind one of music," continued Sir Leonard; "that air, 'The Bells of Abergoldy,' is very sweet and sad; I have seen a face that brought it so forcibly to my mind—sad, sweet, wistful, lovely, young and full of pathos."

Mrs. Harcourt looked up in alarm. It would never do to have him in such raptures over other people's faces.

"You are romantic, Sir Leonard," she said. "Jane, my dear, see if you

cannot find some other little song that will please Sir Leonard."

Nothing loath, Jane sought and found; but Sir Leonard was distraught; he did not seem in his usual spirits; he sighed frequently, answered at random, and gave unmistakable signs of absence of mind. At last, to Mrs. Harcourt's intense horror, he said:

"You have but these two daughters, Mrs. Harcourt? I think I have never heard you mention a third."

"I have but the two," she replied, concisely.

"Do pardon my curiosity," he continued, "but have you no young lady relative or visitor staying with you?"

"Nothing of the kind," replied Mrs. Harcourt, promptly, and Sir Leonard only looked half satisfied.

"Why do you ask?" inquired Mabel, abruptly.

"I fancied I had seen a young face; I must have been mistaken," he said. But Sir Leonard did not recover himself; he was restless, and they all noticed it. Mrs. Harcourt invited him to remain for lunch, and, for the first time since they had known him, he declined; he took leave of them earlier than usual. Jane's face grew white with anger as he went.

"Mamma!" she cried, "you may say what you like, but I am certain he has seen that odious Florence. You would keep her here, and now we shall suffer for it."

"He can not have seen her; she is always at work in her room when he calls."

"She is deep enough and cunning enough to have contrived to see him just the baby-face that captivates some men. I thought when he was speaking of the face he had seen that he meant her, and I am right; he has seen her in the house somewhere; she is always about. Did you not hear what he asked? Depend upon it, he is trying to make out who she is."

The result was such an increase of severity that poor Florence was almost desperate. Going out was prohibited after nine in the morning.

"What walking was necessary for her health," Mrs. Harcourt told her, "must be done before then. The young ladies made great complaints of her indolence, her forwardness, and these faults must be corrected. She must work harder and not be so fond of showing herself about the house and seeking admiration."

Heaven help the poor child! She left the room after that long, severe, and unrelenting lecture, with a white, wondering face. She was not in the least degree conscious of having deserved such a lecture.

How was she to work harder when every moment of her time was occupied?—how was she to be seen less when she hardly ever quitted the ante-room? She laid her head upon the table—

but with a quick, resigned despair far more touching than words.

"I do not want to be wicked," she moaned; "but would it not have been far better for me if I had never been born?"

So the housekeeper found her—sad, resigned, hopeless—and, when the girl had moaned out her story, the kindly woman kissed the white face.

"Take heart, my dear," she said, "I had a dream about you last night, and if that dream does not come true I will never believe in anything again. Take heart; however dark the night, there is always a bright morning dawn."

But it seemed to Florence the last gleam of sunshine had died away. It had been some pleasure to go out, to leave her troubles and enjoy the beauties of earth and sky. Unknown almost to herself, another element in that dull, joyless life; the meeting with the handsome stranger had been quite an event to her. She had read admiration in his face; his eyes had brightened as he looked at her; he had wished to see her again, and it was the first time that such an event had happened.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN EVEN THING.

How the Two Great Janitors Met and Made Friends.

It was on Sunday. The man coming up the street carried a silver-headed cane and walked with great dignity. The man coming down the street displayed a heavy watch chain across his vest and wore a plug hat. As they met they stopped and stared at each other for a long minute. Then the one with a cane inquired:

"Strange nigger, was yo' lookin fur anybody in dis town?"

"Strange nigger yo' self!" exclaimed the other. "What plantashun does yo' belong at?"

"Hu!"

"Hu!"

"Look heah, nigger," continued the man with the cane, as he drew himself up, "yo' pears to be one of dem cotton pickers from de bottom lands what don't know a 'stingulshed gem'an when dey sees him. Yo' better git dem eyes open!"

"Does yo' call yo' self a 'stingulshed pussen?" demanded the man with a watch chain. "Of co'se I doo! I want yo' to understand, sah, dat I am de janitor of de city hall! Mabbeyo' was also a 'stingulshed pussen?"

"Mabbeyo' was, sah! Admit me to contruduce myself as de janitor of de now pousseful buildin'!"

"What? Am dat yo', Misser Taylor?"

"Of co'se. An yo' am Misser Johnson?"

"Sartin! Why, we's been acquainted ob'er to'en y'ars, an' yit we didn't know each oder when we met! I'ze powerful glad to see yo', Misser Johnson. Let's furdur 'stingulsh our self by walkin' around town together and paralyzin' common trash!"

THE FRENCH BUILDING.

The skill and ingenuity of Parisian police have been the foundation of hundreds of novels with detective heroes of incredible astuteness and cunning. After a careful examination of the various methods in vogue in police circles of the gay city, the marvelous ability of the Parisian department is shown to be due in a great degree to the perfection of its system.

A striking example of the elaborate machinery which the Paris police set in motion when a crime is discovered is seen in the peculiar photographic camera which stands over the wax figure of a corpse lying on its back at full length. The figure is so realistic in its faithful portraiture of a murdered man that it is sensational. The camera is mounted on a tripod about eight feet high and points down upon the corpse. In this way the police secure what might be called a plan of the crime, as well as its elevation and perspective, which are secured by cameras of ordinary character.

In the front room is a large case which at first glance resembles a roguish gallery. So it is, but it is more than a mere collection of photographs. In the first place, each picture is an original negative on ground glass, so that no alteration can be made. In the next place the collection is grouped so

blamed for it. Many a wiser animal than he would be perplexed under the circumstances. Fatima is familiarly known as the baby hippopotamus, having received the title when she was born into this world at the menagerie some three years ago. The name was appropriate enough then, but it doesn't fit very well now. Hippopotamuses grow very fat, and Fatima, who has been an extraordinary healthy infant, has sprung up like a weed. About a year ago the very curious fact was noted by animal philosophers that the physical proportions of Caliph, Miss Murphy and Fatima were in the ratio of 4, 2 and 1. That is, Caliph was twice as large as his wife, and Miss Murphy twice as large as her daughter. This mathematical progression was well illustrated when the animals stood side by side, with Miss Murphy in the middle. A straight line would have been tangent to the back of each.

At present, however, Miss Murphy and Fatima are of about the same size, and this is the cause of Caliph's perplexity. His doubt is added to from the fact that he is shut off from the rest of the family. One part of the dividing partition consists of thick boards placed close together and the other part of a series of palings about a foot apart. Caliph observes his

these marks of paternal regard. But as for Caliph, it is very likely that he has mistaken his daughter for his wife. At times he seems to think that he has made a mistake. On several occasions he has been detected looking from one to the other, as if comparing them closely. But he invariably ends by kissing Fatima.

A ROYAL LANDLORD.

A Bavarian Duke Who Caters to Europe's Royal Families.

A singular history belongs to a little health resort in Bavaria. A thousand years ago a Benedictine monk discovered a small sulphur spring in a mountain near Munich. They built there a hospital, which was used by their order until 90 years ago, when it was bought by King Maximilian of Bavaria, who filled it with poor sick folk. When the King died, his grandson, Duke Theodore, found he had not money enough to keep up his charity. After long and anxious consultation with his brothers, the honest, kindly Prince erected new buildings, and opened the house every year for three summers as a hotel. It is patronized by many of the royal and noble families of Europe, though it is free to every comer who will conduct himself respectfully and pay for his accommodations. Duke Theodore provides the food from his own farms, which he oversees, DUKE THEODOR, while his brother, Prince Ludwig, acts as host in the hotel. All guests are requested to leave on the last day of August. The house is then filled with scores of poor teachers, artists, and authors, invalid soldiers, and poor-paid clergymen, whom the royal brothers have formally invited to honor them with a visit. The money made during the summer is devoted to their entertainment. The Duke and Prince remain in the house, lavishing kindness and courtesy upon their guests. When one company has been strengthened and cheered, another equally needy and deserving is invited to take their places, and this is done until it is time to receive paying visitors again.

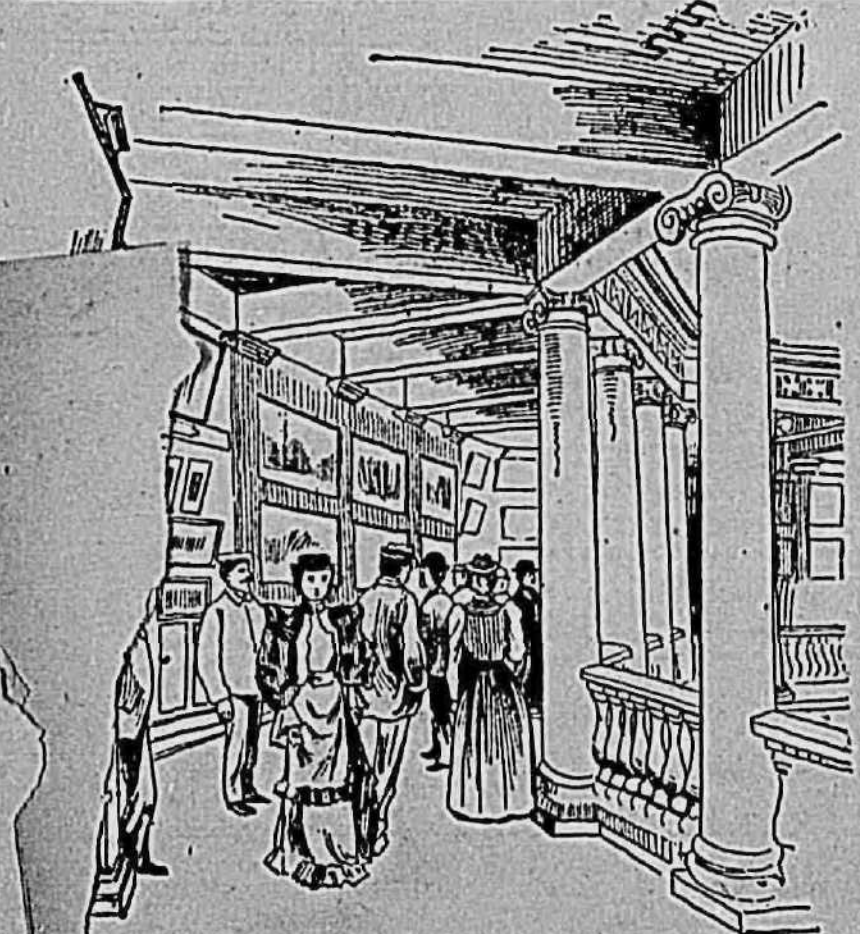
BLAVATSKY'S ASHES.

Were Equally Divided Between Europe, Asia and America. (Special Correspondence.)

If Madame Blavatsky reaches heaven she will arrive there in installments. When she died three years ago, Col. Olcott, the President of the Theosophical Society, desirous that three continents should share the glory of her sepulture, had the lady cremated, and devised that a third of the resultant ashes should be given to America, Europe and Asia. As Madame Blavatsky was a woman of unusually ample dimensions, the portion of her remains entrusted to each of these diverse countries was quite large. The American allotment has just been placed in an onyx casket, on which are inscribed the date of her birth—1831, the date of her death—1891, the year of the founding of the society—1875, and the year when she and Col. Olcott went to India, whence they brought an elaborate collection of stories relating to the achievement of Mahatma. The casket has been placed in the rooms of the society in New York city.

family through these palings. In the past his affection for his wife has been marked. He has followed her around dutifully whithersoever she would lead. In the open air tank he would crawl over by her side all day long, and would not eat his meals in peace unless he felt off the same pile of grass that his wife did. As for Fatima, she could roam around at pleasure unnoticed by her father. At the end of the summer vacation Caliph could not be induced to enter the Carnivora home until Miss Murphy had gone on before.

Taking all these evidences of affection into account it is rather surprising to observe that Caliph devotes most of his attention at present to his daughter. He caresses her tenderly



GALLERY IN THE FRENCH BUILDING.

as to display the iconography of the features. Each type of nose, eye, forehead, lip, ear, beard, profile, full face and head being grouped for anthropological comparison. It forms a remarkable collection, interesting to the police and the scientist. Both sexes are represented, and some of the most villainous faces ever photographed are shown.

In this room a curious contrast is made, for all around the large case of photographed crime and vice are the exhibits of Parisian primary, elementary and higher schools. It does not appear to be the work of star scholars, but rather the average work of pupils. In an inside room considerable space is taken up by the exhibit from

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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Where the P. O. address of a subscriber has been changed and no notice of the same received at this office we will in no manner be responsible for the safe delivery of their paper until they have enabled us to make the proper corrections on our books by furnishing their change of address.

Subscribers who for any reason fail to receive their paper regularly should at once communicate the fact to this office, giving in addition to their name their P. O. address IN FULL.

NOTICE TO OUR ADVERTISERS.

As we wish to devote our entire time to news items, up to the hour of going to press on Wednesday, hereafter all changes required to be made on that day, in standing advertisements, in display type, will be charged for at the rate of 15 cents per double column inch, for the space occupied. Reading notices, 15 cents per single column inch. All other day changes are made free of cost. J. J. BURKE, Publisher, Antioch, March 1st, 1893.

THERE is nothing the matter with the Treasury building but there is almost as much fright among its employees as among those who work in the unsafe buildings, owing to the impression they have that a reorganization of the entire clerical force is soon to be made. The reason for this is an order of Secretary Carlisle for a complete list of the employees, with full particulars as to when and how they came into the service, what they do etc., also a list of those having relations in office.

OUTSIDE of Congress and the cabinet millionaire office holders are exceedingly rare, but the position of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, in the Treasury Department will be filled during the remainder of this administration by a millionaire, unless Mr. Worthington Ford, of New York, who has been appointed to the place, should die or resign before then. Mr. Ford will have one great advantage over the ordinary office holder; he will have no dread of the ominous yellow envelope and pay days will not seem quite so far apart to him as they do to most of his co-laborers for Uncle Sam.

The gold reserve fund of the Treasury is about 1,000,000 during the first week. President Cleveland stated to a gentleman who made an appeal to him to order an issue of bonds that he would not allow a single bond to be issued, no matter what happened, until specially authorized by Congress to do so. The gentleman to whom he said this did not understand that Mr. Cleveland doubted his authority to issue bonds, but that he preferred that Congress should assume the responsibility of deciding what shall be done to relieve the financial stringency. While no one in authority has authorized the statement, it seems to be generally believed among those who have carefully studied the situation that Mr. Cleveland is disinclined to do anything that will make the situation less grave when Congress meets, for fear that it would lessen the chances for the repeal of the Sherman silver law, which he now considers good.

ILLINOIS PRESS DAY.

At the World's Fair.

Last Friday was Illinois Press Association day at the World's Fair and in common with several hundred members of the Association, with their wives and daughters, we accepted a hospitable invitation from the management and visited the greatest of all great expositions now in progress at Jackson Park. In the limited space of this article we shall not attempt to, and indeed language would fail to convey an adequate idea of the magnificent grandeur of the thousands of exhibits to be seen at this marvelous exhibition of the mechanical ingenuity and skill of the people of every country and clime from the Arctic regions to the Torrid Zone as well as the fruits, grains and manufactured products of all nations. To form a true conception of the magnitude and grandeur of this grand and imposing spectacle one must needs visit the Fair, not merely for a day or a week, for indeed a month could be easily spent on the grounds in active sight seeing and yet one half be left unseen. As we started out to give an outline of the program arranged for Illinois Press day we will confine this article to the more notable features of the occasion. Arrived on the grounds about ten A. M. we at once reported at the headquarters of the Association in the Illinois Building, which we will briefly allude to, it being, of course, one of the most important State buildings, to the native of Illinois, that there is there. The building although not of the largest is, however, a very large and imposing structure with a high dome painted black, which shows up well above the white structure or ground work. It cost \$250,000; has a Governor's Reception Room; Woman's Department; General Reception Rooms; Department of Geology and Archaeology, including

Coal exhibit; Department of Horticulture and Floriculture; Agricultural exhibit, including farm scenes on wall made from grasses and grains of Illinois; State Grain Inspection, State Grain Statistics; Forestry exhibit of native and cultivated timbers; Fish exhibit; Normal School exhibit; Kindergarten exhibit; Blind, Deaf and Dumb and Feeble-minded exhibit; exhibit of State, Geological and Relief Map; Post Office and Free Check room; Public Halls for meetings; Telegraph and Telephone service and a fine exhibit of Battle Flags of Illinois.

An excellent program was arranged for the occasion, consisting of an address by Vice President Stevenson and other persons after which an elegant lunch was served the visiting editors in the Illinois Building and complimentary admission afforded them to the following theatres and places of interest in Chicago and at Jackson Park: The Auditorium, Haverly's and Columbia theatres, Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, Forepaugh's Circus, Libby Prison War Museum, Streets of Cairo, Turkish theatre, Libby Glass Works, Venetian Glass Works, Captive Balloon, Esquima Village, Ferris Wheel, Exhibit of Manitoba and other places of amusement. The Illinois Board of World's Fair Commissioners richly merit the thanks of the Illinois Press Association for the very kind and hospitable manner in which they entertained the thousands of visiting editors on Illinois Press day.

Waukegan Department.

IDA M. FENKELL, Manager,
517 GRAND AVENUE,
WAUKEGAN, - ILLINOIS.

Miss Fennell is authorized to receive Subscriptions, orders for advertising, or Job Printing, also to collect and receipt for same, until otherwise notified. J. J. BURKE, Pub.

COUNTY SEAT NEWS.

Some Waukegan young men are camping at Third Lake.

Our city has a reputation for having nicely kept lawns.

James Pollock, of Wadsworth, was here the first of the week.

John Austin Jr., of Libertyville, was in this city the first of the week.

Waukegan bicycle boys will have a race July 4th at the Fair Grounds.

The new Erskine block on Washington street is nearly completed.

Over 100 instruments were filed Tuesday with Circuit Clerk Ragan for South Waukegan property.

Large & Philbrin, the new surveyors are kept busy at South Waukegan and in other parts of town.

Mrs. Albert Bower and son left for southern California Thursday night. The son is in poor health.

Chas. A. Wind and son Leo have returned from a visit to California. They are delighted with the country there.

Dr. Roberts is putting in a four horse power gas engine to run air condensers, fans etc. in his dental rooms.

Ten cents is all the Northwestern R. R. has reduced fares to World's Fair Passengers and many are disappointed.

Six persons were arrested in Ft. Sheridan Wednesday for selling liquor without a license, and brought to Waukegan.

The marriage of Mr. J. H. Welch of Chicago and Miss Lora M. Flood of Gurnee, Ill., occurred Wednesday in Milwaukee.

Mayor Partridge, Rev. Horace Partridge, D. L. Jones and States Attorney Heydecker attended the flag raising at Fremont Center Saturday.

The body of the missing Chicago banker, Herman Schaffner, for which a reward of \$500 was offered in this city has been found near Chicago.

Mrs. Dr. Carter gave a family dinner party Friday, the occasion being the 51st birthday of Mrs. A. M. Partridge, mother of Mayor Partridge, Rev. Horace Partridge, and Mrs. Carter.

The trotting matinee at the fair grounds Wednesday created a good deal of interest. King Pino, owned by E. P. DeWolf, and Dietmeyer's Comical contested. Pino won the first heat easily, but after that the heats were not so easily won. Mr. Dietmeyer's horse had not the ad-

vantage of a bicycle sulky as Mr. DeWolf's had. Tom Grady's trotter made good time as also did Mr. De Wolf's Prairie King. It is thought that more trotting matinees will be held during the summer.

An account of the burning of Yeoman's spring bed factory was given in last week's paper. It has since been ascertained that \$10,000 worth of property was destroyed with only \$1,000 insurance on both building and machinery. There had been more insurance but a short time ago the insurance company had some trouble and insurance was not taken with another company. Mr. Yeoman was doing a large business and had many orders ahead all over the United States. He will not rebuild, being somewhat disheartened by fires, this being the fifth time he has been visited by its destruction.

A horse was stolen some time ago from Connolly's livery stable. Bernard Sullivan, the proprietor, offered a reward of \$50. He was recently in Chicago and found that a horse thief had been arrested and that his horse had been seen. Later one of Sullivan's men went to Chicago and identified the man as the one who hired Sullivan's horse. It has been discovered that horses have been stolen from Elgin, Milwaukee and Racine, and some of the owners have gone to Chicago to look them up since the arrest of this thief. Chicago detectives think that over twenty-five horses have been stolen from the country surrounding Chicago.

NEIGHBORING NOTES.

Pen Pictures of Passing Events Prepared by Our Correspondents.

Channel Lake.

Wolf Bros. have a new steamboat on the lake.

Jarris Garwood has built an addition to his residence.

O. W. Richardson's steamboat is on the lake in charge of Fred Willett, as engineer.

Frank Fenderson has erected a windmill for pumping water to the hotel. The house has now a number of guests.

O. W. Richardson has built an addition to his summer cottage at Channel Lake. C. F. Barthel did the carpenter work.

N. L. Garwood has built an addition to his house and has now a very comfortable residence out at Channel Lake. T. A. Emmons had charge of the carpenter work.

We were sorry to learn that O. W. Richardson had met with the misfortune of having his store in Chicago totally destroyed by fire on Saturday night last.

Asa Ben Paddock has built an addition to his summer resort and is now better than ever prepared to accommodate his numerous guests. Channen and Pitman did the carpenter work.

SALEM, WIS.

Miss Maggie Gallagher is very sick.

"Good Lord how hot it grows," is a common expression now-a-days.

Several schools will close Friday. Some are going to have a picnic.

Miss Hetta Yaw attended the exercises at the M. E. church Sunday evening.

Henry Hogan fell from a staging on which he was working and hurt his hip quite badly.

The roads have once more become passable except where the tax workers have spoiled them.

Frank Ruggles and Jack Ray caught seventy-five bass in Rock Lake one evening last week.

A good time is expected by the young people next Thursday evening dancing in Ven Wie's Hall.

County Clerk Jos. E. Dalton passed through Salem Saturday evening. Mr. Dalton is slightly under the weather.

The dance at Schenning's Friday evening drew a fair sized crowd. Music was furnished by Ray & William's Band.

The children's exercises Sunday were excellent. The marching was especially good. Those who trained the children deserve a good deal of credit.

It has become our painful duty to record the death of the Wheatland correspondent for the Blade. We saw the poor fellow floating down Fox River. He asked us to drop him a line. As there are no postoffices where he was going we could not comply with his request. However we have done the best we could for him—we wrote his epitaph, and here it is. Died—Wheatland's Blade scribe, May 8, 1893. Cause of death, proud flesh, too much water, and a lack of pet phrases and glaring epithets to throw at the Salem correspondent.

Additional Local.

Mrs. S. D. Warner is visiting in Chicago.

Where and how will you celebrate the 4th?

Miss Carrie Chard, of Gray's Lake visited with friends here this week.

Mrs. M. H. Truesdell, of Kenosha, is visiting with her sister Mrs. E. S. Cannon.

Mr. Walkup, of Chicago, is visiting with Mrs. Selinda Willett and other Antioch friends.

Don't fail to take in the concert at Wilton's Opera House next Tuesday evening, June 27.

F. J. Ingalls and son, Rob, of Long Pine, Nebraska, visited with Mrs. Ingalls and family this week.

John C. Burmeister, of Chicago, will move his effects to-day to his summer cottage in Sylvan Park, on Huff Lake.

H. Schrad, of Waukegan, visited here this week. Hank, it must be said is a skilled angler and delights to take a run out from the city to enjoy a day's sport at the lakes.

There will be 4th of July races at the Waukegan Driving Park under the management of the Waukegan Driving Club. The following purses are offered: 2:50 trotting class \$150; 2:38 trotting class \$150; free for all races \$150.

The village trustees purchased a street grader this week which will be used exclusively on the streets within the incorporation. The machine has all the latest improvements and is warranted to stand the strain of any eight horses in the county that may be hitched to it in any kind of soil.

Owing to the steadily increasing patronage of our jobbing department we last week found it necessary to put in a new job press to enable us to keep up with our orders. You will find our prices on all kinds of job printing as low as any responsible house will quote. A trial will convince you:

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Smith, Thursday, June 15th, 1893, a boy baby. Mother and child are doing nicely, while Jerome feels as big as a boy with a new top and seriously contemplates taking the youngster into partnership in the carpenter and building line in the near future.

We have heard of big captures of fish made by fishermen around the lakes this season, but Messrs. Wegg, of Chicago, and L. J. Simons of this village, have made the best record that has thus far come to our notice. They were out fishing for a period not to exceed three hours recently and returned with a string of considerable over 200 fish, all of good size too.

Lovers of good horses and those interested in breeding them should not fail to see the three fine stallions owned by G. A. Voltz, which may be seen at his stable on the old Voltz farm one mile east of Liberty Corners. The list comprises, Gus Voltz, with a three-year-old record of 2:20, sired by Phallus, record 2:13; Lucky V., No. 8015, sired by Swigert, dam by Nutwood Chief; and Able, sired by California, dam

by George M. Patchen.

A General Promotion.

Travelling Auditor E. A. Morley, Wisconsin Central railroad, was in the city to-day, and checked out Mr. Roger J. Sullivan, late local cashier, who has been promoted to rate agent in the general freight department, Chicago. Mr. Gus Shugart, the popular ticket agent and day operator, will succeed Mr. Sullivan as cashier, and Mr. Isaac Kerr, former night operator in the Fond du Lac office, now at Mukwonago, will succeed Mr. Shugart.—Daily Reporter Fond du Lac Wis.

Pay Up Notice.

The firm heretofore known as Sibbey Bros. having dissolved partnership, all persons indebted to said firm are requested to call and settle at once. The Antioch market will be conducted by Charles Sibbey, to whom all bills should be paid and who is authorized to receipt for same. Very Truly Yours,

Charles Sibbey,
John E. Sibbey.

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

The M. W. A. camp of Lake Villa will give a grand celebration at that place Tuesday July 4th, 1893. No pains will be spared to make this the most successful celebration ever held in this section. Good music, singing and speaking and the many sports and pastimes appropriate to the day will be furnished. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Turn out and enjoy yourself to the fullest extent for one day in the year at least. Good accommodations will be provided for all.

Chas. P. Westerfield, Ex Co. SURVEYOR

AND CIVIL ENGINEER.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
418 North West Street,
WAUKEGAN, - ILLINOIS.
CAREFUL WORK GUARANTEED.

Hip! Hip! Hurrah, for the GLORIOUS FOURTH.

The 117 Anniversary of the Nation's Birthday, Celebrated in a manner never before attempted in Lake County.

AT LUX'S PARK, WADSWORTH.

The oration, "The Day we Celebrate," will be delivered by the eminent Jurist the

HON. THOMAS MORAN,

Late Judge Superior Court, Chicago,

A Large Platform covered entirely with branches and lighted at night by Chinese Lanterns will be erected in the Sylvan shade for all who wish to trip the light fantastic toe. Ravishing dance music.

MUSIC BY THE CELEBRATED RUSSEL CORNET BAND. A Grand Calathumpian Parade in Glitter and Gold will be seen.

RACES.

Valuable Prizes offered by the management for Pacers and Trotters. Entrance Fee \$1.

TWO GRAND BALLOON ASCENSIONS IN THE AFTERNOON. A Brilliant Display of Fireworks given in the evening.

REFRESHMENTS SERVED AT MODERATE COST. No intoxicating drinks allowed on the grounds.

Come to Wadsworth on the 4th, and bring your sister or some other fellows sister and help make the Eagle scream on the Birthday of the Nation.

THE NEWS OFFICE

Is prepared to do all kinds of Job Printing.

THE BEST

is always

THE CHEAPEST.

YOU CAN FIND THE BEST AND MOST RELIABLE LINE OF

FOOT WEAR,

IN LAKE COUNTY, AT

Finnegan Bros.,
Waukegan, Ills.

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THE LADDER OF JOURNALISM,

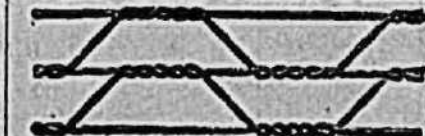
A Text Book for Correspondents, Reporters, Editors and General Writers. Price 20 cents.

Blue Pencil Rules, by A. G. Nevins.

Short, simple and practical rules for making and editing newspaper copy, and of equal value to all who wish to write correct English. Price 10 cents.

ALLAN FORMAN,
117 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

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STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE.

Manufactured Only by DE KALB FENCE CO., - De Kalb, Ill.

—FOR SALE BY—
A. P. Ames, Antioch, Ill.

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ARE BOUND TO LEAD. IF THERE IS ANY NEW THEY SELL IT.

DESIRABLE THING

The L. R. ERSKINE Co.,

Waterproof Paints

Pure Leads, Oils & Varnishes,

HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF TIME,

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And are not dear.

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ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.



STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE

is 40 inches high picket 3 1/2 inches apart. Best yard and lawn fence made. Sold by the hardware trade. Write for circulars.

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A. P. Ames, Antioch, Ill.

HERE TO STAY.

L. M. HAYNES, CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER, BUILDING LINE

Has decided to remain in Antioch during this season and attend to anything in the PROMPTLY AND IN A WORK-MAN-LIKE MANNER. All I ask is an opportunity to figure on your work before you let your Contract, and will guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

L. M. HAYNES,

ANTIOCH, ILL.

FROM THE CAPITAL.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

Want It Stopped.

Washington, June 19.—"Stick-ers" are giving the Treasury department a lot of bother. They are circular bits of paper with advertisements on the face and mucilage on the back. Made by a lick of the tongue to adhere to the reverse side of a silver dollar, one of these little plasters is just big enough to fit inside of the milled rim. They have been coming widely into use in the West and South. Every time a merchant receives a cart-wheel dollar in the way of business he slaps a sticker upon it which reads: "Take me back to Bugg's cheap furniture house, where you get the biggest value for cash;" or, "Return me to Snuggs, the dry goods man, and I will fetch a bargain." This ingenious idea is copyrighted by a Western man, who prints and supplies the gum stickers to merchants at so much a thousand. His circulars, distributed broadcast over the country, suggest that shopkeepers would be wise to make haste to avail themselves of this novel method of advertising before a law is passed forbidding it. Meanwhile dollars with stickers on are flowing into the Treasury from all over the United States. Banks and business houses are writing every day to the department begging it to abate the nuisance, which in the West has already spread alarmingly. Many people are unwilling to accept the sticker dollars, and so the circulation of Uncle Sam's coins is interfered with. Most banks will not take them, because the Treasury has issued a notification to the effect that it will not accept or redeem them. It holds that they are defaced and are not legal tender on that account. It is true that they might be restored to their original perfection by removing the stickers, but Secretary Carlisle has no appropriation for scraping them off. The mucilage employed is of so excellent a quality that twelve hours soaking does not loosen the paper from the silver. Furthermore, the covering up of one side of the coin renders it greatly more difficult to discover whether or not the latter is a counterfeit.

Fortunately there is a legal enactment forbidding the defacement of United States money and that law is to be enforced for the immediate suppression of this new attack upon the currency. Many district attorneys in various parts of the country have already threatened to prosecute merchants using the stickers, and the business will doubtless be brought to an abrupt close.

A Bond Issue.

The question of a bond issue by the government is again looming up as a matter of present interest. The continued steady drain of gold from the treasury has again forced it on the administration. At no period since specie payments were resumed on January 1, 1879, has the net gold in the treasury of the United States been so low as it is now. The amount a few days ago was \$80,030,217. On January 1, 1879, it was \$114,193,030. Since that date the net gold in the treasury gradually increased until in March, 1888, it reached \$218,818,000, which was highwater mark. Since January, 1889, the net gold holdings of the treasury have been on the declining scale, decreasing from \$104,000,000 in January, 1889, to \$177,000,000 in January, 1890; \$141,000,000 in January, 1891; \$110,000,000 in January, 1892; and \$108,000,000 in January, 1893. How to replete the treasury with gold has been a problem seriously considered by the administration for some time. The issue of bonds is the usual remedy suggested, but it is known that the President is not in favor of this except as a last resort; and even if they are issued, treasury officials are by no means confident that the treasury gold repleted in this way will long continue so. It is contended that to obtain gold in this manner with the present laws in force simply means the government borrowing gold at interest for the purchase of

silver, with no assurance that the gold so obtained will remain in the treasury longer than the time necessary to take it out.

Westerners Are Angry.

Western Congressmen regard it as a foregone conclusion that if the President maintains his apparent disinclination to enforce the provisions of the Geary Chinese exclusion law it will have a grave effect upon the fortunes of the Democratic party so far as the Pacific slope States are concerned. Westerners insist that there is nothing in the world in the way of the law's enforcement except the unwillingness of the administration; that the plea of lack of money is bosh; that the President, if he felt so inclined, could order the deportation of unregistered Chinese to begin immediately, and that if a deficiency were made Congress would be compelled to make it good. The people out on the slope are angry, and it is likely that they will add to their anger on every day between the present and the next assembly of Congress, for it is impossible to learn here that the administration intends taking any steps in the matter.

Had a Weary Wait.

The President has recently been to Broadwater Island, Virginia, fishing, and he has returned with face browned and blistered by the refracted sun glare, and with fish scales sticking to his coat collar. His valet will probably find old worms in his coat pockets and fish hooks in his waistcoat. For the first time since his second accession to power he has been able to lie flat on his back with his heels higher than his head, far from the clang of party strife and the short excited barking of the office-seeker, and eat lotus and dream. As soon as he returned the Congressmen began to crowd him. They had had a weary wait of it, and had thought up several things to say.

LAKE VILLA.

John Dunn was in Wankegan Tuesday.

Miss Mary Allen visited the Fair the first of the week.

School closed last Thursday for the summer vacation.

Mrs. B. Winholt has been quite sick but is improving.

Charles Harbaugh and George Webb spent Tuesday in the city.

Remember the Lawn Social at Sand Lake Friday evening of this week.

E. P. Dodge and Mrs. George Jamieson, of Millburn, were in town Tuesday.

Born—Thursday, June 15, 1893, to Mr. and Mrs. Will Edwards, a daughter.

Miss Nellie Burnett, of Antioch, spent Sunday with her cousin Mrs. John Dunn.

Misses Erma VanPatten and Anna Ames, of Antioch, were in town Saturday.

Miss Minnie Hawkins, who has been attending school in Wisconsin, returned to her home recently.

Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Hawkins and Mrs. Nelson, of Mondovio, Wis., and Mr. George Hawkins, of San Antonio, Cal., are visiting Mr. Charles Hawkins.

To Preserve the Field of Shiloh.

There will be a reunion of the survivors of the battle of Shiloh during the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Indianapolis, Ind., in September, called by the Shiloh Battlefield Association. The object of this association is to preserve the Shiloh battlefield and have the place made a park like Gettysburg and Chancellorsville, to have the positions of the two armies marked, and the graves of the dead who are buried all over the battlefield cared for. A large number of leading soldiers, both North and South are represented in this Battlefield Association, Major General John A. McClelland, who commanded the First Division at Shiloh, being President, and Colonel E. T. Lee, of Monticello, Ill., Secretary.

Congressmen on Free Silver.

WASHINGTON, June 19.—A careful analysis of statements made by Congressmen to New York papers touching their

views on the Silver law does not support the conclusions reached by those papers. They assume that the result indicates that the law will be repealed. Those familiar with the men and their votes on former occasions, however, hold the firm belief that a repeal of the Silver law, without something to take its place, will be impossible. Whether the substitute be returned to the Bland law or a repeal of the tax on State bank currency, it is evident that something of one kind or the other must be offered as an alternative or else the Silver law can not be repealed.

A Green Goods War at Greenville.

If green goods men appointed Greenville as a trying place with hayseeds because of its name they erred in one instance. Four sawdust swindlers met two countrymen there Monday, but the latter were of the tin de siecle kind, carried guns and made off with the good money. There was a chase and a regular Wild West pistol shooting scene shifting through Greenville and Bayonne, but it is believed the countrymen escaped unscathed with the valuable bait.

RIPLES PUT ON SHIPBOARD.

Prospects of New Outbreak Against the President of Brazil.

BUNES AVRES, June 19.—Ripples belonging to the government have been put on board the warships in order to prevent their seizure by the revolutionists, who are expected to start a revolution. There is a bitter feeling against the president among the members of congress. A repetition of the outbreak of last October is predicted by the Argentine press.

Brazil has made an official protest against the favors shown the revolutionists of Rio Grande do Sul by the authorities of Uruguay, who have permitted them to obtain arms with which to carry on the war.

Grand Fourth of July.

Libertyville is preparing to celebrate the Fourth of July in grand style. A liberal fund has been raised and appropriated as follows: For Horse Races, \$400; Fire Works, \$200; and other Amusements \$100. The Lake County Fair Grounds have been secured. Two Cornet Bands have been engaged. A noted speaker from Chicago will orate. Sea posters and program for further particulars.

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF MRS. RICHARDS.

By the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church.

RESOLVED: That Our Heavenly Father has seen fit to remove from our midst our dear sister Mrs. Augusta Richards, and that our society has lost an honored member, but what is our loss is her eternal gain, and that our heartfelt sympathy is extended to the family in their bereavement.

RESOLVED: That a copy of this be sent to the family and also published in the Antioch News.

The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church.

THE POETS OF THE DAY.

'Tis said that women dress for men—
To be by men admired;
The saying's false. 'Tis woman's eyes
(And envy) that's desired.
Go walk the street with one or two,
The others all will stare—
Not at the man, but at the clothes
Which his companions wear.

—Kansas City Journal.

He was a doughty warrior;
He had traveled far and wide
All over the land to Waterloo
Selastopol, beside;
To Balaklava, Tel-el-keldir
Scenes of carnage red
"Oh, you'll so enjoy our Stock Yards"
The Chicago maiden said.

W. E. BERRY.

June.

Now from the clime the oriole flies
Like a tossed ribbon through the air;
A subtler azure than the skies
And milder than the sun is rare.
In fields and forests troops of birds
Prolong their rich fugue and refrain
While sleeker grow the grazing herds,
Touched by the gleam of sun and rain.
Some force of nature strangled hard
With red and orange, white and blue
Till all the plain is petal-starred
With carpet of Brussels never knew.
The still, meandering crystal stream
Curves onward through the sedge and grass,
The morning dawns, an orient dream,
And twilight calls to lad and lass.
Joy-crazed, the rustling humble bee
Booms just you with broad right of way;
The clover blooms he lones to see,
And Sybaris is his to-day.
Beating their path on delect wings,
The happy swallows dart and fly;
And beauty crowns all thoughts and things,
Linked with the earth, the air and sky!

—Jed Bunker.

The Star of Love.

Our Father! while our hearts unlearn
The creeds that wrong Thy name,
Still let our hallowed fathers burn
With faith's undying flame!
Not by the lightning gleams of wrath
Our souls Thy face shall see;
The star of Love must light the path
That leads to heaven and Thee.
Help us to read our Master's will
Through every darkening stain
That clouds His sacred image still,
And see him once again.
The brother man, the plying friend,
Who weeps for human woes,
Whose pleading words of pardon blend
With cries of raging foes.
If mild the gathering storms of doubt
Our hearts grow faint and cold,
The strength we cannot live without
Thy love will not withhold.

Our prayers accept; our sins forgive;
Our youthful zeal renew;
Shape for us holier lives to live,
And nobler work to do!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

PAY UP NOTICE.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the firm of Brogan & Gray on account are requested to call and settle the same at their earliest convenience. Owing to the change in firm it is necessary that all our accounts be closed up at once.

Very Resp.

BROGAN & GRAY.

With the third part of "Omegas," the work of the French astronomer Flammarion, which appears in the Cosmopolitan for July, the reader is able to grasp something of the great purpose of the author. "Omegas" is declared by those who have read the entire work to be one of the most remarkable writings of the century. While pretending to be a novel, it is a work having a deeply philosophical purpose, as is more fully developed in later chapters. It is something that no fairly intelligent person can afford not to read, and is surely destined to become a classic.

PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

Miscellaneous Wants.

Advertisements under this head, 5 cents per line each insertion. Ordinarily, 7 words make a line.

Hunters' Home and Summer Resort,
GRASS LAKE, LAKE CO., ILL.
Very pleasant rooms and good board for families during the summer. Good boating, hunting and fishing. For terms address: M. M. BURKE, Prop., Grass Lake, Ills.

House and Garden for Rent.
For RENT: A new house, large enough for two small families, with barn and small fruit garden, within 1½ miles of Antioch depot and near a lake. Will rent for the summer. Address C. P. Hook, Antioch, Ill.

Pasture for Rent.
Parties wishing to secure pasture for their stock during the summer call on or address Wm. Hamaker or C. B. Little, Grass Lake, Ill.

To RENT—A building in a good locality, suitable for a store and a meat market with suite of living rooms attached. Enquire at this office.

Sewing Machine for Sale.
FOR SALE: A new sewing machine, cheap, as the owner has no use for it. Enquire of Wm. Burke, Antioch, Ills.

House and Lot for Sale.
FOR SALE: A nine room house, built about four years, with good cellar, cistern and out buildings, in a good location in Antioch village. J. J. BURKE, Real-estate and Loans, Antioch, Ills.

Lake Property for Sale.
FOR SALE: A choice tract of two acres, heavily timbered. Within two miles of depot. Over 300 feet of fine lake front, good shore, suitable for hotel or club house. Price reasonable. Address THE NEWS, Antioch, Ills.

Stamping done on Short Notice.
Leave your orders for stamping with Jennie Thorne, at C. O. Foltz & Co.'s store. She has a complete outfit and all the latest designs.

Stamping Done Reasonably.

Form for Sale.
FOR SALE: A Form of 40 acres in the town of Salem, between Antioch and Winnet, and will buy it. A bargain for some one. For particulars call on or address, J. J. BURKE, Real-estate and Loans, Antioch, Ills.

Wanted.

Agents to sell our choice and hardy Nursery stock. We have many new special varieties, both in fruits and ornamentals to offer, which are controlled only by us. We pay commission or salary. Write us at once for terms and secure choice of territory.

MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen,
Rochester, N. Y.

For Sale.

A fine location on Fox River for summer residence. 30 acres for sale low on easy terms. 5 miles from a depot. Enquire at News office.

For Sale, Lake Front.

Suitable for a summer resort hotel or a colony of lake families. The finest in Lake County. Heavily timbered, fine bank, gravel lake bottom and shore, 2 miles from Antioch depot, on long time and very low price. Enquire at News office.

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Long Time, Monthly Payments.
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SALESMEN WANTED. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID, OR COMMISSION, as preferred. Situations permanent. Pay until free. Full line stock. Prices low. Both local and traveling agents wanted. Apply at once, giving age and references. Mention this paper. A. D. PRATT, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

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With a full line of
SUMMER MILLINERY
I am now prepared to wait on one and all. Trimmed Hats, from 80c up. Call and examine goods. Rooms at residence, east of railroad.

MRS. F. L. BOUTWELL,
LAKE VILLA, ILLINOIS.

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SURVEYOR,
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OFFICE IN NEW BANK BUILDING,
BOX 511. Wankegan, Ills.

WANTED at once. SALESMEN in every county for our CHOICE NURSERY STOCK and new varieties of Seed Potatoes.

Salary or Commission. Steady employment and good pay. Send for terms.
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Nurserymen and Seedsmen, Rochester, N. Y.

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Cataracts, scars or films can be absorbed and paralyzed nerves restored, without the knife or fire. Blurred eyes or blindness can be cured by our home treatment. "We prove it." Illustrated pamphlet, "Inventive Progress," publisher's price 25 cents, and our quarterly pamphlet for inventors, manufacturers and patentees. (Mention this paper.)

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It is our earnest desire to impress upon the minds of the public the superiority of the service offered by the Wisconsin Central Lines to Milwaukee, Chicago and all points East and South. Two fast trains leave St. Paul Minneapolis and Duluth daily, equipped with Pullman Vestibule Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of the latest design. Its Dining Car Service is unsurpassed, which accounts to a great degree, for the popularity of this line. The Wisconsin Central Lines, in connection with Northern Pacific R. R., is the only line from Pacific Coast points, over which both Pullman Vestibule, first-class, and Pullman Tourist Cars are operated via St. Paul without change to Chicago.

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of all kinds, in a workmanlike manner, at prices that will not rob you.

WE ALSO PAINT
Carriages, Cutters and Wagons, in the best style of the art and for little money. If you think this all a humbug, give us a trial and we will try and convince you that it is to your interest to patronize us.

H. R. Lavey.
BRISTOL, Oct. 15, 1901.

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GOLD FILLING \$1.50.
MALGAM FILLING 50 CENTS.
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THE DISABILITY BILL IS A LAW.
Soldiers Disabled Since the War are Entitled Dependent widows and parents now dependent whose sons died from effects of army service are included. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully prosecuted, address
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Late Com. of Pensions, Washington D. C.

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With many years practical experience in the management of Dairy Cows I am at all times prepared to furnish Cows to all who may need them, either on time or for cash. As I give considerable of my time to this line, together with a competent man in the West, I can furnish you Cows at any time.

A. CHINN, AUCTIONEER,
And Real-estate Dealer,
ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.

J. B. Story & Son,

SUCCESSORS TO
MONTGOMERY & STORY,

ICE CREAM PARLOR

AND DEALER IN
GROCERIES,
TOBACCO & CIGARS.

Summer Drinks,

FRUITS & VEGETABLES
IN THEIR SEASON.

J. D. STORY & SON,
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS

DISCIPLINE.

Can it be true that you have read in vain, life's strange, sweet parable of good and ill, and missed the meaning? Have you felt the chill of winter and the tender rain of spring? Have you seen the dawn and waned the star of day that shed its light on the darkness of your life with light, until the sun came forth to do its work again? The very fields, with at morn and sun have done their will upon the world's harvest yet of praise unto their Maker. Are there none but wasted joys and sorrows in your past? Shall it be said of you: "Lo! this is one whom life hath failed to educate at last!"

TAKEN IN.

The first turning to the left brought us to the Thruway, a good third-rate hotel. We knew from the size of Glen that there was bound to be a hotel de France somewhere, but too tired to move a step further, we dropped our knapsack—it was Bopper's turn to carry it that day—and clamored for food.

Dinner—our camp supplied the sauce—put new life into us. We strolled out to see the town.

After admiring our first Virgilian, we wandered on to the bridge. The setting sun was turning the Loire into blood. Even Bopper, the Philistine, said it was fine.

We sat down in one of the embrasures of the bridge to admire the town.

Up on the hill behind the houses was a very fine old chateau—a sort of compound of the Norman castle and the old Scotch baronial.

Stopping a passer-by I asked whose the castle was. The man seemed astonished at our ignorance.

"But, to Mr. the Commandant," was the reply.

When we got to our hotel we tried to find out more about the chateau, only to be met by gruff and evasive answers.

The crowning insult came. Never before in France, and never since, have we been asked to pay our bill in advance. Bopper stormed; my milder counsels prevailed. We paid.

Then we saw our bedroom. It contained fifty square feet and two beds. There was a fourteen-inch lane between the two beds. I thought of the last scene in the "Sentimental Journey." Bopper thought of going to the hotel de France. Bopper was right.

Once we passed a worse night. But our night with the Three Travelers was enough to encourage early rising. We shook the dust of Glen from our feet at 8:50 A. M.

After a delightful morning's walk of nearly fourteen miles, we came to the dainty little village of Bonny, at about 10 o'clock. If you happen to be passing that way don't forget to have breakfast at the Green Oak. If you hurry you may have even the good fortune to be served by the same dainty maiden that Bopper himself had to praise. He exercises his married man's right to run down all womankind—but his—this morning he was graciously pleased to approve.

The last house in the village toward the south is a long, one-story building, with a little, double-storied portion at the end nearest the village. It is particularly clean. At the time we saw it the whitewash was quite fresh. A tricolor, which was warranted always to wave in the breeze by the simple expedient of being made of iron, gave a hint, which a long sideboard made explicit with the word "Gendarmerie."

As we approached, the postern of the courtyard gate was thrown open and a little man sprang out. He had a pair of dark blue trousers, with a darker stripe of blue down the side, a pair of spurs, a huge white apron, his shirt sleeves and a bald head.

"Halt there!" We halted there. For though the little man looked insignificant enough, he spoke authoritatively, and we noticed at the same time two burly gendarmes in full uniform (except that they had the peaked cap instead of the genuine full-dress cocked hat) stopped out of the postern after him.

"You are English, aren't you?" "As you say, sir."

"You come from Glen?" "Perfectly."

"Will you have the goodness to enter?"

We passed through the court to a stone-floored room of office. As we entered, the door was shut behind us, and the thud of a musket butt hinted that one of the two outside had been told off to mount guard over us.

"Your papers." The little man held out his hand.

Up till now Bopper had been delighted. It was his first arrest. I had gone through it twice before and I dare say I had crowded just a little more than I ought to over his inexperience. He thought we were getting equal at last, but he did not like to be bullied by a man in an apron. Besides the gendarmes were outside now.

"Permit me to ask by what right you stop travelers on the high road?" Thus answered Bopper, with much dignity.

"Your papers," repeated the little man sternly.

"May I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?" Bopper was severely suave.

"But the Brigadier Dupont, sir." The genuine astonishment of the good brigadier was enough to make us laugh. Bopper only added sarcastically:

"You haven't much the air of it."

Stung by the sneer, the officer vanished through an inner door, to reappear a moment later in full uniform. Tucking his sent at the desk he began:

"Your surnames and Christian names?"

We gave these, and a great many more items as he asked them, and gravely wrote them down. Suddenly

he turned upon us with a "now I've got you" air and asked:

"Your resources, if you please?"

At this veritable "stand and deliver," Bopper, with some pride, produced his purse, containing some 700 francs.

"You didn't look like you know," murmured the thunderstruck brigadier.

When I flourished over 1,000 francs before him, he could only add:

"Nor you, either."

Pleased at the favorable impression our resources had made upon the poor brigadier, who had probably never seen so much money at one time in his life before, Bopper designed to produce our railway return tickets from Paris to London. Dupont admitted this as evidence. But his next question startled us:

"Can you speak Spanish?"

This finished our examination. He would give no explanation. On the sounding of a little bell a gendarme entered and saluted. He was not our keeper, whom we saw, grimly keeping guard at the door. The brigadier handed his big report to the man, who withdrew.

Bopper returned to the charge that the police had no right to stop us on the highway. The brigadier admitted that papers were no longer necessary, but—

"I am instructed to arrest you on a specified charge."

"What charge?" we demanded together.

He only smiled slyly, and told us that an old hand like him was not so easily caught as all that. The only hint he would give us was that it would be twenty years at the hulks if proved against us. We felt secretly pleased at the obvious enormity of our offense.

"English spies, of course," sneered Bopper.

"English pickpockets more probably," retorted the brigadier, who certainly scored there; "but no gentlemen, it is neither. I may be able to tell you when I get a reply to my telegram."

"Do you mean to say you telegraphed all that sheet about us?" asked Bopper, with a pride he could hardly conceal.

"But yes, perfectly; it's the rule."

"Where did you telegraph to?"

"Ah! gentlemen make questions. Pardon me."

Our conceit in our own importance was seriously damaged by the interim reply.

"Commandant at breakfast. Keep prisoners till further notice."

Dupont was annoyed. Bopper was furious. I am a philosopher. The bell rang again. We were conducted to a sort of cell, where we had a form to sit on. We were looked in. We both felt secretly aggrieved at not being put into irons. Even the cell was a fraud. The window was very high up, it is true; but there was only one iron bar across it—a vertical one. We had no pallet of straw, or any of the regulation cell furniture. Instead, there was quite a collection of riding boots and spurs and belts hanging round the walls. On a shelf there were several brown paper bundles. Standing upon our bench we could reach the shelf; but self-respect forbade.

Two hours afterwards Dupont came himself to take us out. Our examination seemed perfectly satisfactory. Besides, the police at Glen had a clue. Only we were to be kept till 5 o'clock in case of accidents. If no word to the contrary came before then, we were to be set free. Meanwhile, we were kept in a very mild state of bondage. In fact, our cell was the kitchen. Muc. Dupont wanted to converse with the terrible Englishmen.

Dupont had again put on his apron, and was busy dandling a little girl of 4. Madame was preparing the beans for dinner. Bopper soon made his way into the parental hearts by undoing a bandage round the ears of the eldest—a boy of about 8—and after examination prescribing some specific. His home experience gave him great advantage over me in the good graces of the family.

Soon he began to worm out of the father the charges on which we were detained. It was no less than "Aiding a Spanish prisoner to escape from the state prison at Glen."

The reasoning was conclusive. He had escaped during the very night we had been at Glen. We were foreigners. He was a foreigner. Therefore we aided in his escape. The thing was as plain as a pikestaff. Dupont, however, put it in a somewhat better light for the authorities.

We had been making careful inquiries about the prison. (So that respectable chateau we had so much admired was the state prison. Little wonder the gendarmes smiled at our desire to get into it!) We had sat for an hour on the bridge carefully examining it. In our hotel we continued our investigations so far as to arouse the suspicions of our landlady. We had started at an unearthly hour in the morning. What would you have?

"What was the Spanish prisoner's crime?"

My opinion now is that Dupont did not know. He asserted that duty forbade him to tell.

"Only I may let you know that he had only been in prison for a fortnight (his term was fourteen years), and that he escaped during the night in his shirt."

We were getting along splendidly. Bopper and I were quite sure we were going to be asked to share the dinner we were helping to prepare, when hey, presto! another telegram from the commandant spoiled everything.

"That wire must have conveyed a snub of some kind to Dupont, for he at once stiffened up in the most disagreeable style, and snapped out to

us—he did not even put in the "Monsieurs."

"You may put yourself en route."

We took him at his word, and were soon swinging along the highway. As we passed the big stone marking the boundary between the Loire and the Nievre, we heaved a united sigh at being out of the commandant's beat.—Cornhill.

ALLIGATOR BEDFELLOW

Peculiar Incident of a Newport Couple's Stay at a Chicago Hotel.

Fads are popular, and the absurd penchant of some individuals who depart from the ordinary in life is excused by the devotees of fashion. At A. Muggs lives in New York with his wife, a charming woman. Last winter Mr. and Mrs. Muggs enjoyed the climate of Florida. Believing spring weather would be found in Chicago, they left Florida in April, arrived at the Palmer and were assigned to room 504.

A constable served notice on Clerk Will Cunningham that the Muggs baggage must not be removed from the hotel, as it had been attached to cover a claim of \$30 due a ticket broker, who wanted the right end of an excursion ticket to Florida, which Mr. Muggs failed to give up. Officer McCarthy was summoned and instructed to inspect the Muggs baggage, and ascertain if there were valuables enough to cover the hotel bill. He proceeded to the room and found that the occupants were at breakfast. After a hasty examination of the baggage he turned his attention to the bed and ran his hand under the pillow, then beneath the coverings. Suddenly there was a yell, and the chambermaid was astonished to see the house officer rush into the hall, holding a wounded hand.

"I've been bit," said the officer.

"There's something cold and slimy in that bed, and it's alive."

Together they entered the room, and, turning back the coverings, a young alligator about two feet long came into view, snapping viciously at the intruders. At this moment Mrs. Muggs appeared. She ran to the bed alarmed, and, catching up the alligator, clasped the pet in her arms.

"Madame, we can't allow alligators in the beds of the Palmer house," said the officer.

"And why not, I should like to know? Why, Alley has slept with my husband—aid me for three months."

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A BEAUTIFUL SPOT.

SUMMER GLIMPSES OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

That Islands Possess Natural Charm Likened to a Paradise—The City of Honolulu and Its Broad Avenues and Evergreen Trees.

(Special Correspondence.)

IT IS THAT THE emeraldly thought-ful and sagacious people of Hawaii have come to the conclusion that it is the proper and desirable thing to be annexed to the United States, the people of this favored republic have taken, on their side, a serious and comprehensive view of the situation. It is possible that the United States would not have deemed the matter of any importance, one way or the other, had not the rumor been circulated that certain European powers, notably the amusing country of Queen Victoria, declared that we could not annex the islands. Uncle Sam does not like to be told that he can't do this or that. Indeed, it is not unlikely that one of these days a foreign agent may excite his Yankee blood and stimulate him to do something for which he has no inclination. A very independent and

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NUUANU AVENUE.

self-reliant customer is Uncle Sam. But, whether the United States annexes the little group of islands or continues to exercise a sort of step paternal care over them, the question of annexation has aroused a general feeling of interest, and Americans are prone to ask: "What is there in it for us?"

In truth, the idea of owning a dependent colony rather tickles a good many people, particularly people who travel. It is so English, so sort of proprietary, so in harmony with the fashion of landed estates and residences abroad. Americans have never had a fair show at an isolated dependency. It is true that from time to time they have sailed away to Long Island, Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard and the Isle of Shoals, but the excitement of such excursions died away long ago, and the onward march of civilization has so tamed the formerly fierce inhabitants of these fastnesses, that trips can now be made with comparative little peril, and with only that modicum of pleasure that comes with a slight change of air and scene.

Honolulu is 2,100 miles from San Francisco, a slow and easy seven days' journey by steamship. If Paris is France and London England, then Honolulu and its immediate vicinity are the Hawaiian Islands. Certainly to pleasure-seekers, and persons after cottages and building lots, and those with souls above vegetables and sugar-cane, there is very little in the islands beyond cannon-shot of the capital. And this with all deference to a very impressive and active volcano. The views presented, and accompanying this tribute to Liliuokalani's place of residence, are in the main illustrations of Honolulu and its chief attractions.

Whoever goes to Honolulu, no matter what the season, must take his summer clothes with him, for once there he is in the tropics, and, considering that the primitive dress of the natives was simple and unblushing nature, heavy apparel would be burdensome even to the Caucasian. Some body has said that the island rises out of the sea, "green with a verdure that never fades, and brown with the bronze tints of lava flows that have been cold for centuries." This is a very pretty way of putting it, and is absolutely true to fact. And as the traveler draws near the shore he is charmed by the tropical aspect of the country, by the rising yucca palm, the giant fern, the mangoes, coconuts, palms, tamarind and banana trees and all the heavy, luxuriant foliage that speaks of a life of inglorious indolence and ease. No man ever sailed into the harbor of Honolulu, and saw these beautiful evidences of bountiful nature, that he did not admit that he was glad he had come.

Unless the tourist is on familiar terms with Claus Spreckels or some of the wealthy missionaries and business men, he goes to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, which is run according to American principles. The main difference between this caravansary and a New York hotel is that the palms and the plants and flowers are in the yard instead of the corridors and office. The cooking is in the American style, for the native dishes demand a long and arduous course of training. If you don't like your room in the hotel, you can hire one of the cottages in the grounds, and come over at night and sit on the veranda, the moon around the house and listen to the music furnished by what was the Royal Hawaiian Band, confident that you

have outdistanced the "Bowery" and the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana."

The pictures of the erstwhile royal family are provocative of sadness. Kalanikula is no more, having succumbed to a bloodless attack in San Francisco, after a round of banquets. So also is Like-Like, whose charming daughter by a Scotch husband is the heir-apparent. The full name of this unhappy damsel is Victoria Kawehi. Kalanikula Liliuokalani-nui-ahia-palapa Cleghorn. It is a good, strong Hawaiian name and is one of the notable curiosities of the island. Queen Liliuokalani is the unlucky woman who tumbled off the throne a few weeks ago. Kapolani is the dowager Queen, the wife of the defunct Kalanikula. There was a time when the royal family was very hospitable to Americans, but it is not to be expected that they will exert themselves with their former graciousness. However, the tourist may wander about the palace, which has the general aspect of a country court-house, and he may even penetrate to the Queen's bungalow, to which the royal family were accustomed to resort when they were tired of the other house. If, while strolling about the palace grounds, the visitor runs up against the Royal Hawaiian Army, he may step aside and allow it to go by. It takes about three minutes for the royal army to pass a given point.

Honolulu, as will be gathered from an inspection of the pictures, lies in a beautiful valley, with lofty mountains skirting it. Just how lofty these mountains are may be known by reading that some of the peaks reach an altitude of 15,000 feet. The population of Honolulu is about 30,000, a curious collection of natives, Americans, Chinese and Europeans. The city has all or nearly all modern improvements, including street cars and telephones. The telephone is a blessed institution in a tropical country, and is much esteemed by Hawaiians, who are not remarkable for their energy and their fondness for pedestrianism. The streets are well laid out and nearly all macadamized, and kept in a condition that would reflect credit on Commissioner Breenan. There are no comic papers in Honolulu, so the muddiest street

RETROSPECT.

The daisies, buttercups and clover
Are very sweet and fair,
And I love the fragrant odor
They breathe upon the air.
But sweeter seemed the blossoms
Along Loose valley ponds,
When I was three and twenty
And you were twenty-one.

How fond do I remember
The time we culled them there,
And beneath the shady maples
I wove them in your hair.
How there in bliss we tarried
Until the set of sun,
When I was three and twenty
And you were twenty-one.

It may have been the flowers,
Or a look benign and free
That made me whisper softly
How dear you were to me.
I never stopped to question;
I only knew 'twas done,
When I was three and twenty
And you were twenty-one.

We have had our summer, darling,
The fields of life are brown.
We have traveled up the hillside,
We are on our journey down.
Yet oft I wake from dreaming
Those days have just begun—
That I am three and twenty
And you are twenty-one.

When life and love are over
And I am laid to rest,
I hope some one will gather
And place upon my breast,
Such flowers as used to blossom
Along Loose valley ponds,
When I was three and twenty
And you were twenty-one.

—Western Rural.



CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"Your own? Your burdens? I suppose you mean Dennis Lorimer?"

"That is one of the burdens I have laid down."

Her face had suddenly grown as white as the wall behind her, but her soft musical voice remained perfectly steady.

"You have! By heaven, that looks like it!"

He sent a heavy envelope flying through the space between them. Ida looked at it amazedly. It was addressed to herself. She turned it slowly over and over. The seal was intact. She took calmly into her father's angry face.

"Thank you, sir."

She got up heavily and walked towards the fireplace.

"Where are you going?" Mr. Fairbanks asked. The tall back of his chair hid them from each other, and the exertion of turning himself about was too great.

"I am not going anywhere."

He heard a soft crackling. A bright blaze sprang up in the open fireplace. There was a smell of burnt paper aloft in the air. She came back, her seat

all white with the smoke. "You have burned it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Without reading it?"

"You know that."

"But it was a love letter."

"From a coward."

"Why do you call him that? I imagine I hate the Lorimers worse than you possibly could do, but it would never occur to me to call any one of them cowardly."

"It does occur to me. I do not hate Dennis Lorimer—at least, I did not—nevertheless, I call him a coward."

"Why?"

She flung out her hands, with a gesture of impatience.

"Hah! What a detestable morning this has been! Are you not ready for your game of chess, father?"

"No. Let me hear what is going on on the place."

She drew a book from her pocket and spread it open before him. Her face wore its most sullen expression.

"Why do you not mount your horse and ride over the place yourself, father, if you care to know anything about it?"

He made an impatient gesture. "Shall I have to repeat for your instruction my solemnly-registered vow, registered over your mother's coffin, girl?"

"Spare me! I know it by heart. Imbecility!" She muttered the last word between her teeth.

"Moreover, the time has gone by for me to cope with the changed conditions of labor. There is nothing but defeat and humiliation left for the gentlemen of the old regime. Let the freed slaves work out their own salvation, on the rental system. It is not necessary for me to come in personal contact with them. I should never draw a comfortable breath if I was compelled to be a daily eye-witness of the ruin that has overtaken Glenburnie. With you it is different. You have no recollection of its ante-bellum glories."

"Yes, with me it is different," said Ida, bitterly; then she forced his wandering attention in the direction of the foreman's weekly report, as set forth in the book she had placed in his hand.

"Yes, yes: Doubtless it is all perfectly correct. What a splendid business man is thrown away in you, my daughter! Have we not had enough? The account is somewhat prolix."

He concealed a yawn behind his large white silk pocket handkerchief, which exhaled a perfume more delicate than that of any of Ida's marketable flowers. She was relentless. He should hear her out.

"I have not given you yet the number of sacks of seeds stored for the next planting. And Hulse says the gin ought to be insured. I think he is right."

"By all means insure it, then." He was leaning back in his large chair, caressing his handsome side whiskers with the hand that was ornamented with his largest solitaire.

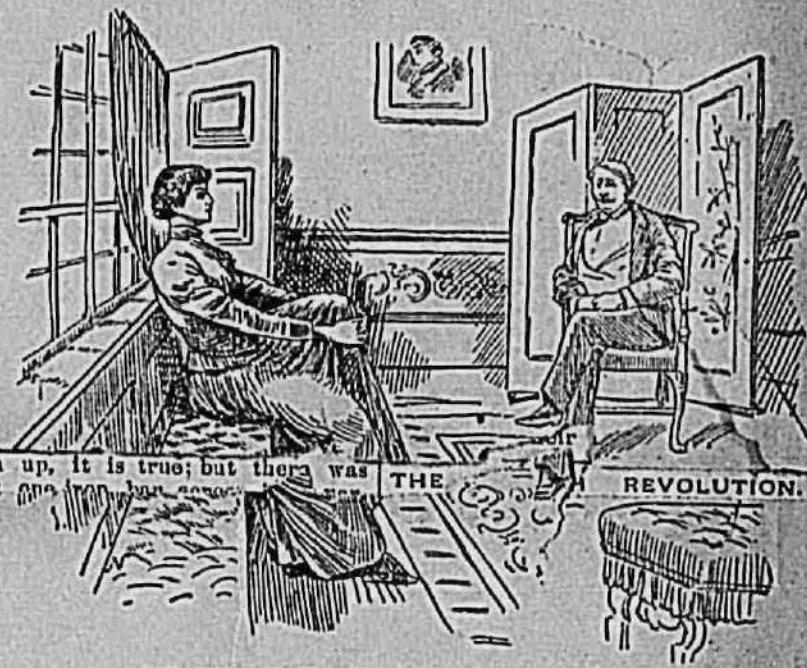
It was a note of dismissal. He handed her back the book in which she had compelled him to keep tally while she read from her own. Perhaps, during the reading of it, it dawned upon him that Ida had "rather a rough time of it" for a handsome young woman. He graciously bestowed upon her an indulgent smile: "Not very lucid, but as clear, I suppose, as one could expect from a woman and an uneducated foreman. Pray, my daughter, give more explicit directions about my mutton. It was simply a mess yesterday."

Ida took the book away from him and put it back into her own pocket. He was smiling up into her face like a child who was vaguely conscious of having merited punishment of some sort, but stood in no fear of its immediate infliction.

"What manner of man was this that she was called upon to honor and to obey?" It was not the first time that she had asked that question in intense bitterness of soul. The answer seemed farther off than ever to-day.

She had purposely tried to goad him into a sense of shame for his indolent attitude and his unmanly shifting of the responsibilities that were his upon her weak shoulders. She had deliberately and purposely been insolent to him. To what purpose? They had gone all around the drearily familiar circle and drifted back to his mutton and his wine! There was no holding him to any serious purpose. The only evidence of tenacity that Ames Fairbanks had ever given to the world was in his observance of a vow which Ida well called "that old war-time imbecility," and in his hatred of the Lorimers. Ida knew the origin of what he grandiloquently called his "sacred vow." He had come home on furlough during the civil war, summoned to his wife's death-bed, and had found his home occupied by the enemy, who had confined his family to the upper story. Running unwittingly into this trap, he was himself relegated to the floor which he had since converted into a hermitage, and was there made a paroled prisoner.

There, in his wrath, he registered a vow; he would never descend the steps that led to the polluted first floor of his home, until carried out of it in his coffin.



SHE SAT SWINGING ONE DUSTY LITTLE BOOT.

Cynical people said that Ames Fairbanks, pleasure-loving, sybaritic, selfish and indolent, found it easier to keep this vow than to wrestle with the new order of things. Hence his rigid observance of it.

The close of the war found him with a diminished family—Sibley, his oldest son, then a boy of eighteen; Ida, his youngest girl, then a girl of ten. Sibley had struggled freely with the wretched and disorganized estate. He was too much like his father to succeed in anything that required stable resolve and drudging insistence. Both men were fitted exclusively to adorn the luxurious circles of society. Both men were superb physically, but defective morally. They clashed perpetually. There was no one but a girl child to adjust matters between them. The result was disastrous, but natural. Sibley, sore, tired, angry, taunted his father years ago, as Ida had taunted him that day, and had thrown the whole miserable business up, and had gone away with a cruel indifference to Ida's fate. They had never heard a word from him since.

The burden he had selfishly cast off Ida had patiently lifted and carried, so far, with commendable fortitude. If she sometimes staggered under it small wonder. On this particular occasion she left her father's presence more than ever convicted of the folly of having made any appeal to him.

"I might as well turn for help to that pretty child who held out her hands and begged a flower of me. He makes me think of a great gorgeous butterfly, sitting with lazily-folded wings, not caring how the world goes."

Dido was sitting on the front steps knitting in the sunshine and crooning a song which Ida remembered often hearing her croon in the nursery days before "mother and the baby died." She went over and sat down by the old woman, clasping her hands about her knees in her favorite attitude. Dido smiled her pleasure at having her so close.

"Ma'm Dido, how long have you been at Glenburnie?" she asked, suddenly.

"Been at Glenburnie? As long as there's been any Glenburnie to be at. Your Grandpa Fairbanks brought me here with the swamp folks when he cleared this place up."

"Then of course you know all the Fairbanks secrets?"

"Just listen to Miss Ida!"

Dido looked very wise, as she closed her withered lips tightly after that scornful utterance.

"And you know why my father and the Lorimers hate each other?"

Dido's knitting-needles fairly flew. She was looking straight before her, and out towards the distant front gate. A trailing dust-cloud was visible beyond it, in the road.

"I reckon that mus' be Cato kickin' up that dust," she remarked, inconsequently.

"Of course you know, Dido, and I mean to know too. It is my right. I am no child, to be kept in the dark any longer. Does Glenburnie hate White Cliffs, or does White Cliffs hate Glenburnie? Which place began it, Ma'm Dido?"

"It'm a piece of Glenburnie," said the old retainer, proudly, "and I don't hate nothing under the shining canopy. Our Heavenly Father made Glenburnie folks and White Cliffs folks out er the same sort of dirt, I take it, honey. What for are you troubling your pretty head about it, my child?"

Ida laughed shortly. She was quite sure Dido would never satisfy her curiosity. To whom else could she turn?

"I want to know about that old quarrel. Sibley knows."

"All the men folks on both sides knows."

"Did Dennis Lorimer know, when he asked me to marry him?"

Dido moved restlessly. She was being cornered. Suddenly she lifted one withered hand and shielded her eyes with it.

"I said that must be Cato! That surely is Cato's mule, but what's that on old Rube's back?"

Ida looked too. There, coming towards the house, was Cato, walking contentedly by old Rube's head, the empty flower basket swung over one arm, while his horny right hand was planted firmly among Ninette's white ruffles and em-broideries, by way of steadying her in the capacious saddle. Cato sent an explanation a few steps in advance of him:

"They was sauntering 'long the roadside, as I came 'long back, and she asked me to ride her some. I told her I was hurrying back to Glenburnie, and then her ma told me to let her come, and she would send the nuss after her. So here we is."

He planted the child squarely on her feet between Ida and Ma'm Dido. Ninette smiled impartially on them all.

"Norrie said I might go to see the flower lady, and I have come," she said, composedly shaking out her short tumbled skirts.

Dido looked away from the bright baby face to Ida's. "My child," she said, solemnly, "maybe the good God is bent on healing up that old sore. If He ain't, how came it He fashioned such a

"I abhor groves. Groves are only meant for savages to live in. Glenburnie! Glenburnie!" She repeated the name musingly. "That is where the old man lives who never comes down his own stairway, but permits his beautiful young lady daughter to sacrifice herself to him. M. Fairbanks. Bah, quelle brute!"

"You have gathered information rapidly," said Nora, coldly. "Yes, it is there that Ninette is waiting for you."

"And madame, then, will permit the child to visit at the house of an enemy?"

"Madame" looked at the speaker sharply. How many more family secrets was this demure-looking cat already in possession of?

"Whose enemy? What nonsense you are talking, Celeste!"

"Is it nonsense, madame? Do not the Lorimers and the Fairbanks hate each other? And does not every black man and black woman on both places know it? A woman, some say, is at the bottom of the trouble. I will fetch the child home, but I will not dare come back by the public road, nor enter the front door of White Cliffs and say: 'I have just brought the child from Glenburnie.'"

"Celeste, you are insufferable."

But, boldly as she uttered the rebuke, conscience convicted Mrs. John of sharing the woman's feelings. No more words passed on the subject. Celeste prepared for her walk with sulky activity. Nora watched her furtively. She was sorry she had aroused the woman's quick temper. Ninette, "poor little angel," might suffer vicariously.

"And to think," she said aloud, as Celeste left the room, closing the door after her with significance force, "that I have, to-day, taken only the initial step!"

She walked to a side window to see if Celeste had taken the right "turn" after getting into the road. She stood there idly staring out at the monotonous landscape long after the woman had passed entirely beyond her range of vision.

She did not care to join the family group downstairs. It was such an unusual thing to see her without Ninette that it might lead to inconvenient questions. As she stood there, her husband came into view from the side-porch, and passed down the walk towards the small gate which Celeste had just gone through.

He had on his corduroy hunting-suit. His gun was slung across his shoulder, and three dogs trotted close upon his heels. His back was necessarily turned towards her. She waited a kiss towards him from the tips of her smooth white fingers, then laughed softly at her own folly.

"Poor John! Poor old simple confiding John! He melts me to pity. I am so sorry for him."

Why she should have selected that particular moment for so expressing herself was known to herself alone.

John Lorimer did not look like a fit object for commiseration. He was, like all the Lorimer boys, straight of limb and strong of muscle, and carried his

handsome "head" somewhat awkwardly. Just then he was whistling "Captain Jinks" with more force than melody. The wind whistled the air to her in broken snatches. As he walked he settled the strap to his hunting pouch more comfortably about his collar bone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRISONER'S PLAN.

Romance of the Man Who Got Drunk Regularly Once a Week.

The prisoner was quite a respectable man in his general appearance and his language indicated education. He had been fined ten dollars and costs for being drunk and disorderly, and as it had happened once a week for at least three months, the judge was curious.

"How does it happen," he inquired, "that you get into this fix so regularly, and as I have observed, let your wife come down here and pay your fine for you?"

"It's a romance, judge," replied the ex-offender. "My wife, who has just paid that fine and costs amounting to fifteen dollars, is a woman of wealth, and very proud, as you may have noticed. I was poor, but not bad looking, and had some social position. We were married a year ago and I moved into her house, not having one of my own. I quit work, for why should I work when I had a rich wife, and looked to her for the needful? And what do you think she did, judge? Allowed me fifty cents a week and boarded and clothed me. I begged her on bended knees to do the square thing, but she refused, and three months ago I hit upon an idea. I bought fifty cents' worth of whisky and got roaring drunk and raised such a row the police had to run me in. I pleaded guilty, of course, you fined me and she had to pay it or see me go to the house of correction. Her proud spirit would not permit that, and since that time, judge, her proud spirit, assisted by my zealous and industrious efforts, has cost her fifteen dollars a week, just what I asked her to allow me in the first place. It's a snap, judge, and if you'll make it fifty dollars and costs for a few weeks I think I can bring her to terms on a compromise. What do you say?"

That was three days ago, and the judge will, no doubt, have an opportunity to say within the next four days.—Detroit Free Press.

It's Dido! Remember It!m.

When a drummer was registering in a Tolepa hotel the other-day he said to the clerk:

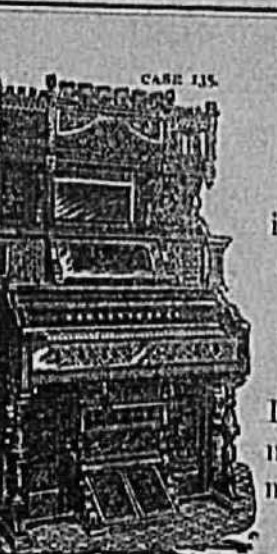
"Is this the book which Abou Ben, Adhem had?"

"What?" queried the clerk, with a look expressive of more or less uncertainty, and in a tone calculated to repress any attempt at jolting.

"I say," the traveler replied, "Is this the book in which Abou Ben Adhem's name is written?"

Then a light spread over the clerk's face, and while he turned the book around he said, with the manner of one who understood, but was thinking of something else:

"Well, really, I don't know. You see, we have so many people coming here that I can't keep track of them."—N. Y. Tribune.



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